The Wellsboro Gazette.

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The Gazelle.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA.

TERMS, $1.50 Per Year in Advance.

FRANK CONEVERY, Editor and Propr.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

TIME.	1 in.	2 in.	3 in.	4 in.	5 in.	10 in.	20 in.
1 Week..	$1 00	$2 00	$3 00	$4 00	$5 00	$8 00	$12 00
2 Weeks.	1 50	3 00	4 00	5 00	6 00	11 00	16 00
3 Weeks.	2 00	3 50	5 00	6 00	7 00	13 00	18 00
1 Month.	2 50	4 00	6 00	7 00	8 00	15 00	20 00
2 Months	4 00	6 00	8 00	10 00	12 00	20 00	25 00
3 Months	5 00	8 00	12 00	13 00	15 00	25 00	35 00
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1 Year	12 00	18 00	21 00	28 00	32 00	60 00	100 00

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BUSINESS CARDS.

BLOOM & DAVIS,
BARBERS. Shop in the Eastman block, opposite Coles House, Wellsboro, Pa. First-class work. Satisfaction guaranteed. Oct 31, 1897-yr.

FRANK H. ROSE,
DENTIST. Office over Mathers, Graves & Co.'s store, Wellsboro, Pa. Preserving of the natural teeth a specialty. All work warranted to give satisfaction.—Nov. 23, 1893.

ARTHUR L. BAILEY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Wellsboro, Pa. Office in Hastings & Bailey block. Money to loan. Collections made in all parts of the county.—Sept. 28, 1900.-1yr.

Dr. AUGUSTUS NILES,
Wellsboro, Pa.,
OFFICE in Converse block. Will visit any part of the country in consultation, or to perform any surgical operation. Special attention given to diseases of women and children and abdominal surgery of both sexes. —Feb. 16, 1900.

JOHN GERKEN, Merchant Tailor,
WELLSBORO, PA.
I have an extensive assortment of samples of Imported and Domestic cloths, of beautiful patterns, which I am making up at prices as low as ready-made clothing is offered. Shop over *Agitator* office.—March 11, 1899.

YOUR OPPORTUNITY.

Some one has said that every man has been offered some time during his life an opportunity, which, if taken advantage of, would make him rich. The truth of the statement we will neither verify nor contradict, but we can positively state that we are offering the public an *opportunity* to purchase Staple and Fancy Groceries at prices that will surprise the most careful buyers. A trial order, if not now a regular customer, will convince you.

CANNED GOODS

There is as much difference in the quality of Canned Goods as in anything that is bought and sold in bulk. We have a large, fresh line of the very best that we can find in the wholesale market. This includes not only all the staple articles usually sold in cans, but also the largest assortment of Fancy Canned Goods to be found anywhere in this vicinity.

M. G. AUSTIN & CO.,
WELLSBORO, PA.

H. T. MYERS,
(Successor to N. T. CHANDLER.)
FUNERAL DIRECTOR -- -- AND EMBALMER,
Bryden's Old Stand.
Wright Block.
WELLSBORO. PA.
NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR EMBALMING IN ANY PART OF THE COUNTY.

Picture Frames made to order. Over 100 new up-to-date samples to select from. Large line of ovals, round and square frames. A nice line of Framed Pictures. Prices to suit all.

Calls day or night receive prompt attention. Local and Long Distance and Farmers' Mutual Telephone connection at house and store.

W. D. VANHORN, Pres't. W. W. MILLER, Cashier

ESTABLISHED 1864.

First National Bank,
OF WELLSBORO, PA.
CAPITAL STOCK, $125,000
SURPLUS, - - $125,000

This Bank transacts a general banking business, [illegible] collections, sells drafts on Europe, and gives prompt attention to all business at lowest rates. Interest paid on time deposits. [illegible] Tickets by first-class lines to and from New York.

With a record of twenty-three years of prudent and successful management, marked by a [illegible] growth of both Capital and Patronage this Bank does business on as liberal terms as are consistent with safe banking.

The Gazette AND THE Thrice-a-Week World ONLY $2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE

CURE SKIN DISEASES BY USING GLENN'S .. .. SULPHUR SOAP

It is manufactured of the best and purest materials known to medical science.

The leading physicians of this country are prescribing GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP for skin diseases, and report excellent results from its use. Try it and be convinced. Be sure and obtain the genuine. Take no other.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Wanted!

A situation as servant in city, town or country. Can furnish satisfactory references from the best families of Pennsylvania. A few of my qualifications are:

I am American born and was reared at Cleveland, Ohio.

I have an iron constitution.

I am a willing and quiet worker at all times.

I never tire.

I never want an afternoon out.

I haven't any bad habits.

I willingly accept the religious and political views of my employer.

I understand every language on earth.

I can do all kinds of plain and fancy sewing.

I can embroider the most intricate designs.

I am the "STANDARD," the best sewing machine on earth.

I am now stopping at the

W. G. PITTS MUSIC STORE,

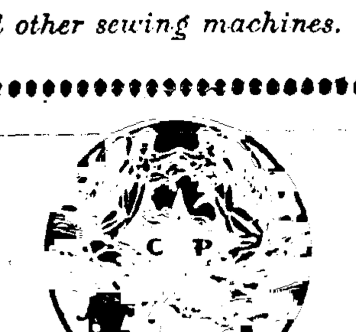
Coles House Block, Wellsboro.

Who can vouch for all I have said and more.

Terms easy. A liberal allowance for old servants taken in exchange.

Also General Agent for Weber Newman Bros., Wegman, Knabe, A. B. Cameron and other makes of pianos.

Wheeler & Wilson, Eldridge and other sewing machines.



"The kind that sells." Sells because it cures.

Health for 10 Cents.

A lively liver, pure blood, clean skin, bright eyes, perfect health—Cascarets Candy Cathartic will obtain and secure them for you. Genuine tablets stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. All druggists, 10c.

THE DAILY [illegible] and New York Tribune [illegible]

111 DEAD; 22 RESCUED

Frightful Disaster in Cambria Mine at Johnstown.

EXPLOSION DUE TO FIRE-DAMP

Accident Occurred in Section Known As Klondike, and Survivors Described Conditions As Frightful. Heroic Work of Rescuers.

Johnstown, Pa., July 11.—Two hundred miners entombed by an explosion in a mine whose main shaft opens within the limits of the city, was news to check with terror the pedestrians on the streets here yesterday. At first the rumor said that all in the "rolling mill" mine of the Cambria Steel company were dead or in danger. But later reports showed that the lower figure was correct and that 400 were safe. The mine is one of the largest in the country, and yesterday 600 men were at work there.

The scenes on the hillsides were heartrending. As soon as the news of the disaster spread it was communicated from house to house where the wives, mothers and children of the miners live, and in a few moments there was a crowd of several hundred persons gathered about the mine. This was augmented with almost every second, as the awful news continued to spread. Wives of the unfortunate victims ran about wildly excited; mothers fainted, and little children wailed as the extent of the horror became known to them.

The mining officials of the Cambria Company stated that the explosion was one of fire damp. The catastrophe occurred in the section of the mines known among the miners as "Klondike." The few survivors who have escaped from the depths of the mine describe the conditions to be frightful in their nature. Outside of the "Klondike" the mines are safe and uninjured.

Miners who left the mine by way of the Mill Creek entrance brought horrible stories of crawling over the dead bodies of their comrades.

Of the 600 men who entered the mine on Thursday morning 111 are dead, 22 were rescued alive and many others escaped from the mine and reported at the office of the company. Thrilling experiences attended the efforts of the brave and daring fellows who went down into the bowels of the earth with a very faint hope to spur them that still they might be in time to restore to life some of those who are entombed. Death lurked everywhere around them, but undaunted they surged forward, swayed with the noblest of human purposes.

Early this afternoon cheering word came from the innermost recesses of the mine that life yet lingered in some of the bodies found. The rescuers made first for No. 4, left heading, which they had been unable to reach the night before. Falls of roof almost choked up the heading, but through and over the debris the brave men pushed their way. In the front Patrick Martin, his brother Peter, Philip White and several others made their way. Suddenly in an open space they were startled by the maniac laugh which emanated from a blackened form that rushed at them out of the darkness. The man grasped firmly a pick handle and tried in his frenzy to beat down his rescuers. He was overpowered and dragged back to the main heading to the cars. Thirteen other living men were found in this chamber and physicians were quickly taken to the spot.

The remains of some of the dead were in a terrible state, showing that there had been slow death in each case. One of the men had his mouth and nose tied about by a towel. The rest of his face was burned beyond recognition. The bodies of all were twisted in horrible shapes, most of the arms being crooked so as to shield the face.

Funerals of Victims.

Johnstown, Pa., July 14.—Saddest of all the scenes following the mine disaster of Thursday were those attending the funerals Saturday and yesterday of the 164 victims. Under the black pall of smoke that hangs over the city church bells tolled continually, and all day long the dead carts rumbled through the streets to the Slav, Creation, Greek and Roman Catholic churches, where the scenes of leave-taking were most affecting. Nearly all the funerals took place in the cemetery where are buried the dead of the great Johnstown flood.

The burial was simplified by the digging of long trenches, in place of separate graves. In one of these 25 coffins were lowered.

Mine Victims Missing.

Johnstown, Pa., July 16.—The query everywhere is: "How many men do you think there are yet in the mine?" The officials of the Rolling Mill colliery, the scene of Thursday's horrible disaster, do not know. Neither do the people. Undoubtedly there are some victims in the working who have not yet been discovered, or, as report goes, taken from the mine in secrecy.

Father Dembinsky, pastor of the church at which most of the miners attended, says there are 20 members of his congregation missing. A letter-carrier, familiar with every name in the mining district, voices the same opinion. The [illegible] workings have not yet been [illegible] explored. Men [illegible] there [illegible] today [illegible] places. The output was about 400 tons. No more bodies have been found

CORNER IN CORN ENDS

John Gates' Profits Will Amount to $1,500,000.

Chicago, July 16.—The famous John W. Gates' corner in July came to an abrupt termination yesterday, when it became known that shorts to the extent of a good many million bushels had effected private settlements with Harris, Gates & Co., and that the deal was at an end so far as the steel magnate was concerned. The July price responded to the settlement by a quick drop of 15¾ cents to 65¼ cents. Later it recovered a fraction and closed at 65½ cents, substantially the price of the cash article.

It is said that Mr. Gates' profits will exceed $1,500,000.

The corner at one time promised many millions of profit, and the farmer, whose well-filled cribs line the tracks of nearly every railroad entering Chicago, is held responsible for the disappointing ending of the corner. There were substantial reserves from the bumper crop of 1900 and the large yield of 1901. This corn has been held for a satisfactory market. The farmer did not begin to take advantage of the situation until the price of July got up in the 70s, and when it finally reached 90 cents the Chicago market was deluged with cash corn. For awhile the Harris-Gates people kept the market cleaned up, but steadily increasing quantities began coming, and the prospect of loading up with a lot of 80-cent corn, which they might not be able to dispose of at over 60 cents, became somewhat appalling. Without warning, they withdrew all support, settled with the shorts and closed the deal.

INSPECTING NATIONAL GUARD

Pennsylvania Militia at Camp Meade Put Through Ordeal.

Gettysburg, Pa., July 16.—The National Guard now in camp here is passing through the ordeal of inspection. Regimental records, soldierly bearing, cleanliness of quarters, condition of arms and equipment and all other details which enter into the perfect management of a military organization are being looked after by the commanders. General Gobin's brigade, the Third, was inspected yesterday. Governor Stone accompanied the inspection party. The first regiment to be put through the paces was the [illegible]th. Those that followed were the Thirteenth, Twelfth, Eighth and the Fourth. While the Ninth was being inspected the Fourth United States Field Battery was at drill in the woods to the west of where Pickett made his famous charge.

Two members of the First Regiment, of Philadelphia, were court martialed for insulting Governor Stone by making disparaging remarks as he drove through Gettysburg. It is said the men will be drummed out of camp.

HISTORIC TOWER FALLS

Chimes of St. Mark's Cathedral, Venice, Crashes Down.

Venice, July 15.—The bell tower of historic St. Mark's Cathedral, 322 feet high, suddenly collapsed yesterday and fell into the plaza. The ruins are piled up to the height of 100 feet, and the Piazza di San Marco and the adjoining squares are covered with debris and dust. Some damage was done to the Sansovino Loggetta, or vestibule, on the east side of the Campanile.

The tower is now a heap of ruins. It is not believed that there was any loss of life. The cathedral proper and the Doges' Palace escaped injury, but the falling tower struck the Royal Palace, damaging a corner. A cordon of troops was immediately ordered to the plaza, and kept back the huge crowds which struggled to get a sight of the ruins. The accident, which in the eyes of Italy amounts to a veritable catastrophe, is almost the greatest art loss the kingdom has ever suffered.

MACEDONIAN REBELS DEFEATED

Turks Used Women and Children For Screen to Storm Trenches.

London, July 16.—The Vienna correspondent of the Daily Mail says official reports received describe a formidable Macedonian rising in the village of Monestar, European Turkey. According to these reports, the rebels entrenched on the banks of the Ostrovo, withstood the attacks of a 1,000 Turkish regulars and several hundred Bashi-Bazouks for a week. Finally the Turks placed the Macedonian women and children in the front, as a screen, and stormed the position of the rebels. The latter maintained a murderous fire, and many women and children were killed by their own husbands and fathers. After dispersing the rebels the Turks massacred the population and looted and burned the houses of the inhabitants.

Wood May Be Canal Commissioner.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., July 15.—President Roosevelt has invited General Leonard Wood to visit him at Sagamore Hill early in August. General Wood is one of Mr. Roosevelt's closest friends, and the president entertains a high regard for his executive ability. On account of that fact General Wood is mentioned as a probable member of the isthmian canal commission to have general charge of the canal construction. It is understood to be not unlikely that he may be appointed as the head of the commission.

General Wheaton Retired.

Washington, July 15.—Major General Lloyd Wheaton closed his active military career yesterday, having reached the statutory retiring age of 64 years. He is at his home in this country, where he recently arrived from the Philippines. The [illegible] General Bates [illegible] department of the Missouri at Omaha.

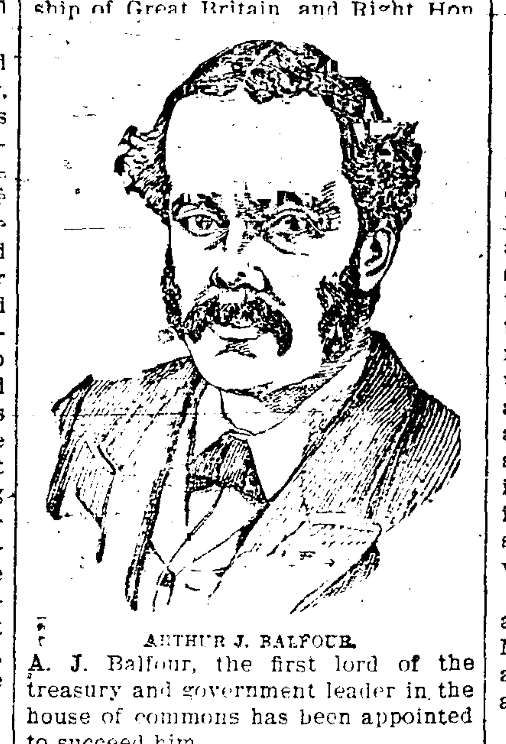
BRITISH PREMIER QUITS

Marquis of Salisbury Presented Resignation to King Edward.

A. J. BALFOUR HIS SUCCESSOR

King Appointed Government Leader In House of Commons Immediately After Accepting Lord Salisbury's Resignation.

London, July 14.—The Marquis of Salisbury has resigned the premiership of Great Britain and Right Hon.



ARTHUR J. BALFOUR.

A. J. Balfour, the first lord of the treasury and government leader in the house of commons has been appointed to succeed him.

The Marquis of Salisbury tendered his resignation at an audience which he had with King Edward last Friday. Saturday Mr. Balfour visited the king and accepted the premiership.

While it was expected in official and political circles that Lord Salisbury's retirement would be coincident with

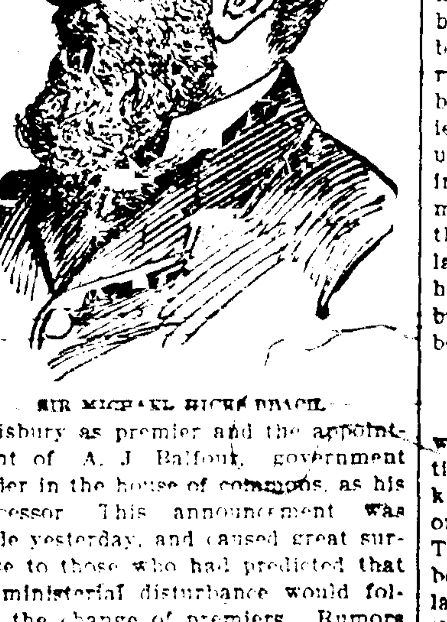
LORD SALISBURY.

the coronation of King Edward, it was scarcely looked for prior to that event. Consequently about the only surprise expressed as the news spread through London concerned the date rather than the fact of the resignation. The real interest was not so much in reference to Lord Salisbury's withdrawal as it was in the appointment of his successor.

As to Lord Salisbury's withdrawal, the main reason is considered by practically all the best informed persons to have been simply a desire for a quiet life on the part of a man advanced in years, whose activities have been unusual, and whose scientific tastes predispose him to study and seclusion. That the retiring premier's health has failed to some extent is undeniable; but this is not more than perhaps it is to be expected in a man of his years, and the close of the war in South Africa and the return of the commanding general there, is considered to be an appropriate time for his withdrawal.

Hicks-Beach Resigns.

London, July 15.—Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, chancellor of the exchequer, has resigned from the British cabinet as a result of the retirement of Lord



SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH.

Salisbury as premier and the appointment of A. J. Balfour, government leader in the house of commons, as his successor. This announcement was made yesterday, and caused great surprise to those who had predicted that no ministerial disturbance would follow the change of premiers. Rumors are now spreading to the effect that other changes will follow.

The position of Joseph Chamberlain, colonial secretary, is the chief subject of discussion. Those who seem to know say that he will retain his portfolio in much the same conditions as under Salisbury. The basis for this belief is that Balfour consulted Chamberlain before accepting his new office. It is surmised that some compromise was effected by which the disappointed minister has been conciliated.

The Court Circular announces that King Edward conferred upon Lord Salisbury at last Friday's audience the Grand Cross of the Victorian Order, set with brilliants.

RIO GRANDE TRAIN ROBBED

Masked Men Get Contents of Safe and Valuables of Passengers.

Salida, Colo., July 15.—A report was received here shortly before noon yesterday to the effect that the Denver and Rio Grande Narrow Gauge passenger train which left here early Sunday night was held up and robbed yesterday by four men near Sargents, west of Marshall Pass. The engineer was compelled at the point of a revolver to stop the train by masked men, who had climbed over the tender. One of the robbers addressed remarks to Engineer Ruland, who did not understand what was said, and before Ruland could ask him to repeat his remarks the robber struck him a blow with a Winchester rifle, breaking the stock of the gun. His head is badly swollen. No passengers or trainmen were hurt.

Two safes in the express car were blown open, but it is asserted by officers of the Rio Grande Express Company that the robbers failed to secure any plunder from the safes. The passengers were compelled to alight from the cars and line up alongside the tracks in the canyon, and they were relieved of all their money and valuables. Many of the passengers threw away their money, watches and jewelry among the rocks before the robbers searched them. There were many tourists among the passengers, and while it is not known how much the robbers secured, it is presumed that the losses were heavy.

The bandits mounted horses and disappeared in the ravines that lead into Marshall Pass. The sheriff at Salina and sheriffs of adjoining counties and a dozen posses are in pursuit.

THE OXFORD SCHOLARSHIPS

Secretary Hay Sent Letter of Explanation to Various States.

Washington, July 16.—Secretary Hay has forwarded to the commissioners of the District of Columbia a copy of a letter sent to other states and territories bearing on the American scholarships in Oxford University created by the will of the late Cecil Rhodes. The District of Columbia was not mentioned in the will, and there has, therefore, been doubt as to whether it will be included in the benefactions. The letter of the secretary settles the question in favor of the District. The secretary in his communication encloses a copy of a letter from Boucher F. Hawkley, representing the trustees of the will, in which he says:

"It would be of further great assistance to the trustees if they could be furnished, through your kindness, with the opinion of the leading educational authorities of the United States, especially the heads of Harvard, Yale, Columbia and other universities, with regard generally to the election of qualifying students and the best mode of giving practical effect to the scholarship trust.

"It is hoped that the students can be elected in time to go into residence at Oxford in 1903."

NEW CHINESE MINISTER

Sir Lian Chen Tung Appointed to Succeed Wu Ting Fang.

Pekin, July 14—Sir Lian Chen Tung, secretary of the Chinese embassy to the coronation of King Edward, was yesterday appointed Chinese minister to the United States.

New ministers to Russia, France and Italy have also been nominated. The selections for these posts shows that the dowager empress continues to regard the diplomatic service as unimportant. All of them, except Lien Chen Tung, are unknown to the foreign community.

Wu Not Surprised.

Washington, July 14.—Mr. Wu, the Chinese minister at Washington, was not surprised to hear of the appointment of a successor to himself, as he had been expecting an announcement of this character for some time. He had received notice that his services would be required in another capacity, and for this reason has been prepared to hear of the naming of his successor at any time.

Father and Son Drowned.

Lancaster, Pa., July 16.—A party composed of Ralph Sweeney, aged 40; his son Harold, aged 10; Joseph Seebert and Walter Descher, all of Columbia, were fishing in the Susquehanna river yesterday afternoon, when their boat drifted into the rapids near Chickies Rock. Striking a rock, the boat upset, and the entire party was thrown into the water. Seebert and Descher managed to cling to a rock, from which they were rescued a couple of hours later. Sweeney, it is thought could have saved himself in the same way, but he attempted to rescue the boy, and both father and son were drowned.

Fatal Fight With Knives.

Philadelphia, July 15.—In a fight with knives yesterday afternoon, Martin Schreiber, aged 22 years, was killed almost instantly by his antagonist, Edward Duffy, 19 years of age. The men, with several woman, had been drinking at a house at 1226 Wallace street. A dispute arose between the men over the ability of Schreiber to cook a piece of meat, which resulted in both men seizing knives and fighting until Schreiber dropped to the floor with a wound in his heart. The proprietress of the house and two other female inmates were also locked up along with Duffy.

Marconi's Latest Feat.

London, July 16.—Marconi, who is on board the Italian flagship Carlo Alberto, at Cronstadt, Russia, has cabled to his London office that he has received wireless signals from the Cornwall station [illegible] about 1400 miles distant [illegible] messages were received as far as Skagen, Denmark, about 600 miles from Cornwall.

STEEL TRUST'S ASSETS

President Schwab Claims They Amount to $1,400,000,000.

EARNINGS OVER 10 PER CENT.

Statement of Assets Were Made By Mr. Schwab In Defending the Company Against Suits of Stockholders Who Oppose Bond Issue.

Newark, N. J., July 16.—The answer of the United States Steel Corporation to the suit brought by J. Aspinwall Hodge, William H. Curtis and Bernard Smith, who asked for an injunction to prevent the company from carrying out the $200,000,000 bond conversion plan, was filed yesterday before Vice Chancellor Emery. When the case came up before the vice chancellor it was put over until July 23. The answer is sworn to by Charles M. Schwab, as president.

For the first time since the organization of the steel corporation a detailed statement of the assets of the properties of the subsidiary companies is furnished. These assets, it is stated, include 400 producing mills of the value of $300,000,000; 75 blast furnaces of the value of $48,000,000; iron and bessemer ore properties of the value of $700,000,000; coal and coke properties of the value of $100,000,000; natural gas fields of the value of $20,000,000; cash in bank to the amount of $66,000,000, and over $80,000,000 of materials in process of manufacture. The total value of the company's property, including cash and cash assets is placed at $1,400,000,000 by Mr. Schwab in an affidavit which is part of the corporation's reply.

The company's earnings are stated to be at the rate of more than $140,000,000 a year. A saving of $30,000,000 a year is credited to the ore properties, and it is estimated that the ownership of transportation facilities saves the company $10,000,000 annually. The earnings of the coal and coke properties are stated to be more than $1,000,000 a month. These statements as to values and earnings were presented to disprove the charge by the plaintiffs that Mr. Schwab, the president, and Mr. Trimble, the secretary, made a false certificate when they certified that in their judgment the properties were worth at least the par value of the preferred stock after deducting all indebtedness.

The conversion plan was agreed upon at a stockholders' meeting on May 19. The answer admits that the conversion plan includes a payment of $10,000,000 to J. P. Morgan & Co. It denies that any of the acts contemplated will work fraud or injury to the complainants, but says that on the contrary such acts when consummated will be greatly to the benefit of the corporation and of every stockholder. The answer says that some of the directors are members of the syndicate formed by J. P. Morgan & Co. to float bonds, and that that fact was communicated to stockholders in a circular dated April 17, 1902.

KING EDWARD REACHES COWES

His Majesty Not Fatigued By Yacht Trip From Portsmouth.

Cowes, Isle of Wight, July 16.—The royal yacht Victoria and Albert, having on board King Edward, Queen Alexandra and the princesses, anchored in Cowes roadstead yesterday at 4.20 p. m., after a short cruise eastward. She sailed from Portsmouth, while the king had been taken from London.

It was officially given out that the king was not fatigued by the journey and not in the least distressed by the transfers, and that his majesty expressed great pleasure at the change. His majesty is placed sufficiently high to get a view through the window of the pavilion on deck, and he watches with evident pleasure the animated scene in Cowes Roads. A telegraphic cable has been laid from the yacht to the shore.

It is expected that the king will make a long stay at Cowes, only indulging in short day cruises in fine weather, returning to Cowes the same evening.

Chinese Cruiser Blown Up.

Victoria, B. C., July 16.—News was received by the steamer Empress of India yesterday of the destruction of the Chinese cruiser Hay-Chee at Nanking by an explosion. The Japanese cruiser Atage arrived at Hsia Kuan on June 21, and the magazine of the Hay-Chee was opened to salute her. Then came the explosion. Of the crew of 200 to 250 but two escaped. The cruiser went up like a flash, the shock being heard for five miles, and showers of debris were scattered far and near. Three small boats lying alongside were destroyed with their occupants. The United States cruiser Helena picked up the two survivors from the wreckage.

Atlantic City Horse Show Opened.

Atlantic City, N. J., July 16.—Never was the opening of a horse show more auspicious than yesterday, when a throng of society people flocked to the Inlet Park to be present at the inauguration of the fourth annual event of the Atlantic City Horse Show Association. There were ten classes judged during the afternoon. In these New York exhibitors secured five first, six second and five third prizes, while Philadelphia carried off two first, two second and one third prize.

General Chaffee Relieved.

Washington, July 15.—General Chaffee has been relieved of command in the Philippines and ordered to the command of the department of the east by an order issued yesterday by Secretary Root.

Antiquity of Irrigation.

By Hon. Francis G. Newlands, Representative From Nevada.

AGRICULTURE is the most ancient art of which we have any record. It was the beginning of civilization.

The first agriculture was accomplished through irrigation.

It was commenced, according to scientists who have studied the records of primitive man, under conditions of great aridity, and the civilized cities of the ancients were either on the edge of or in the deserts.

The earliest civilization of America indelibly stamped its impress on Arizona and New Mexico, where to-day are to be found the ruins of the cities and great irrigation works which flourished thousands of years before Columbus discovered America.

Almost all the ancient civilizations which history records were based upon irrigation, and irrigation is to-day practiced in more than half of the world.

England has expended $300,000,000 in India on irrigation works, which have done much to render more certain the crops of that region. England is to-day spending millions of dollars on the Nile in extending the area of irrigation.

A German company is preparing to enter upon the work of restoring cultivation in the plains of Mesopotamia, near the Tigris and the Euphrates Rivers, in which were situated the cities of Babylon and Nineveh, surrounded by the most fruitful cultivation produced by the utilization of the waters of those rivers.

Doubtless some barbaric tribe swept down from the north and destroyed or reduced to subjection the civilized peoples occupying them, and, being unaccustomed to agriculture, allowed them gradually to drift back into desert, from which German enterprise is again to rescue them.

The Anglo-Saxon invasion of this country began in the opposite direction. The humid lands were settled first. The Atlantic seaboard was dotted with homes and farms as the axman cut his way into the primeval forest.

This great land-seeking movement went as far west as the 100th meridian. It was obstructed by the lack of rainfall. In all this settlement of a continent the home builder had found in the main good farming land with sufficient rainfall to grow and mature crops. He knew nothing of irrigation.

But in Western Kansas and Nebraska the rainfall was found to be insufficient for agriculture, and there the great tide of home setting was halted, until the Anglo-Saxon, realizing that rivers flowing from the snow-clad peaks of the Rocky Mountains carried vast volumes of water to the seas, which if spread over the desert plains would make them fruitful, and beginning again where the forgotten peoples of thousands of years ago left off, took up the problem of diverting these waters over the arid plains and spreading them upon thirsty lands for the purpose of growing crops.

Women as Peacemakers.

By Sir Edwin Arnold.

IT is a curious fact to reflect upon that women, if they were so minded and were resolute and united, could probably make universal peace sooner and more certainly than if all the powers had the millennium for their policy. Dr. Busby said wisely and truly when reproached for wearing his hat before the King, that in the school room he was the greatest man in the realm. "Because," quoth he, "I govern the boys; the boys govern the mothers, and the mothers govern the men in authority." Now and again women have shown examples of their irresistible strength as peacemakers.

If women were aware of their power there is many a war which they could and would stop in some way or other. As for the methods to be employed, there is no need to enter upon those; it is enough that she who rocks the cradle rules the world, and the proverb says with truth that that which women wish the gods also wish. The difference between war and peace for them is greater than it is for men. One of our most famous painters left behind him a pair of masterly canvases, which put the contrast between peace and war in eloquent colors. By one was depicted the shattered gateway of a besieged city, amid the smoking ruins of which, together with many other signs of fierce combat, lay the dead body of a gallant cavalry officer, his silver helmet shattered and his uniform laced with his lifeblood, while at his side his splendid warhorse was breathing out its life from panting and foamy nostrils. The companion work showed a lovely landscape by the seashore, with children playing among the wild flowers, a placid sea rippling in silver upon the yellow sands, and the happy life of a neighboring fishing town going forward in the middle distance, with many a charming group of rural people and pursuits. In the foreground an old piece of artillery, dismounted and rusty, lay half buried in the grass and poppies, while a young lamb, lying down in front of the disused gun, was lazily nibbling at a bunch of daisies and buttercups which one of the children had placed in the muzzle of the piece. What woman is there who would not feel and respond to the ideas suggested by the artist?

What is Your Money's Message?

By O. S. Marden, Editor of Success.

WHAT does your money say to you? What message does it bring? Is it one of hope, of culture, of soul-growth, of education, of opportunity to help others, or is it a message suggesting more lands, more thousands for yourself?

Does it bring a message of generosity or of meanness; of broader manhood, or of more selfish exclusiveness; of larger aims, or of lower ideals? The character of the answer to these questions measures the worth of your career.

If your success does not mean opening wider the door of opportunity to those about you; if it does not mean encouragement, inspiration, and helpfulness to those who are struggling to get up in the world; if it does not mean a wider outlook upon life, a truer measure of real values, you have missed the higher meaning of life and have failed to catch the keynote of the great harmony of the universe.

What if you have gathered money, if you have starved the mind; what if you have broad acres, if you have a narrow intellect; what are houses, stocks and bonds to a man too small, mean and narrow to use them wisely? What if you have reached the top of the ladder yourself, if you have crowded others off and kicked the ladder down after your own ascent! Is this success?—to keep others back?

No man climbs the ladder successfully who does not grasp firmly and helpfully the hands of others who are crippled and handicapped in their climbing. When riches beget greed, they become perfectly useless. The man who possesses them creates animosity among his fellow beings while his own life is a burden.

The man who mounts the ladder alone without trying to help others lacks the warmth of human sympathy, the touch of helpfulness, the quality of humanity.

What the Atmosphere is Made Of

By Charles Morris.

THE first rude shock to the prevailing ideas concerning the atmosphere was given in 1774, when Priestly discovered in it the very active element, oxygen. Two years later he added to this the passive element, nitrogen, and the two main constituents of the the invisible air became captives of science. To these new elements the old ideas clung for a time. Oxygen was named by its discoverer dephlogisticated air. It lacked phlogiston, the fancied fire element, and sought it with eager appetite in whatever it touched. It was believed to be saturated with phlogiston, and therefore fatal to flame. While oxygen combined briskly with almost all the elements, nitrogen refused to combine at all except under great provocation. Though intimately mingled in the atmosphere, these elements were as unlike in character as two substances could well be.

No long time passed before a third substance was found in the atmosphere, this time not a chemical element, but the compound gas, carbonic acid. While not great in quantity, it proved to be indispensable in quality, since all the world of living things is dependent upon it for existence. Inimical as it is, when in large quantity, to animal life, without it there could be no life at all, and the earth would be a dead and barren expanse. For the plant world gains from this gas its foundation of carbon, and is thus enabled to lay up those stores of food upon which the animal world depends.—Lippincott.

Hot Water For Indigestion.

In some cases, where the hot water cure for indigestion is used with discretion, there is really much benefit from it, says Good Housekeeping. When hot water is taken to excess, often at such a temperature as to scald the tongue and palate in drinking it, instead of curing indigestion it will make it worse. The stomach does its work to best advantage when food is neither very much above nor below the normal temperature of the human body is consigned to it. The scalding fluid, which after a while can be borne by the hot water habitue, is liable to almost parboil the tender gastric glands, treating them three or four times a day to a shock as unnatural as would be inflicted by the ice water douche.

Gutta-Percha.

The Government of the Malay Peninsula is planting gutta-percha trees on a large scale and it will not be necessary to cut them down, as gutta-percha can now be extracted from the leaves and twigs without injury to the trees.

FROM THE MARKET PLACE.

To lift the burden from the weak and old,
To ease the load, give honest work for gold
That those we love may live; bravely to stand
Within the market place, with heart and hand
As true and strong as when in other days
We sewed and spun, and trod sweet household ways
May be our woman's part. Yet do we prize
Not less our power to help, to sympathize,
To love and bless. We face the life we find
In our own day, care not to look behind
Or waste the hours in grieving that our lot
Is cast in times when labor cries, "Spare not."
Bearing in patience the contemptuous stone
Flung on by those who dream, and have not known,
So will we live and work, be stout of heart,
Nor fear to lose through toil the better part.

—Sara G. Small, in Boston Transcript.

A PREMATURE EXPLOSION.

IT was an evil day for Green County when Bill Ockerson became Sheriff, though his first term brought no suspicion of his real villainy. Some odium came upon him when he took up with Chet Higgins, the "cowboy lawyer," who wanted to be judge, but by the time public opposition was aroused in Sandstone Higgins had won and the Judge and the Sheriff commenced to run things with a high hand. Sandstone was the county seat and the only place in the county in which Ockerson and Higgins were fully and knowingly feared and hated.

The decent cowmen of Green made up a minority which the Sheriff and his side partner, Judge Higgins, quickly set about reducing to a powerless and scattered handful. Men who had borne good reputations were made the scapegoats for the Sheriff's lawless pets, drunken ruffians shot up the towns, insulted women and terrified the townsfolk with impunity. But let a sheepman, a miner or a tenderfoot so much as invite the suspicion or arouse the wrath of a cattleman, and the vengeance of "the law" was swift and sure.

If Ockerson brought in an occasional horse thief or robber, Judge Higgins never failed to soften his punishment or remit his sentence. But if an accused, suspected of "probable" lawbreaker was shot down in his tracks by the unerring weapon of the Sheriff, it always transpired that the victim was either a sheepman or one of those hesitating characters who had failed to countenance and support the officers in authority. Meanwhile the good people of Sandstone, in abject terror of their Sheriff, were secretly plotting for his removal. Like most good folks, they were neither adept nor at ease with the weapons of the desperado. The Rev. Throckmorton, a brave young pastor, had dared to arraign both Sheriff and Judge from his little pulpit one Sunday, while a squad of howling rowdies were galloping and shooting through the street. But his frame church burned down that night and put an end to the hope of organized opposition.

Doc Jeff Peterson, the Coroner, had secretly looked up the records of Ockerson and Higgins. He knew that the Judge had studied law while serving a long term in the Missouri penitentiary, and that the Sheriff's picture had ornamented the gallery at Topeka, but beyond whispered conferences behind locked doors with Deacon Lusk and some of the leading merchants nothing came of the information.

It was in March that seven steers were driven away from the Lynx River bottoms and Tom Harkness of Diamond Y outfit came into Sandstone to get the Sheriff and posse after the thieves. Harkness was an utter rogue, but he had seen two men on foot herding the steers northward, and Ockerson, with half a dozen picked men of his own style, set out in pursuit. The next morning at daybreak while they were salting their herd, Henry Etling and his partner, a Dutchman named Caspar, were surprised and seared to find a strange steer inside their fence. They found where the wire had been cut and mended, and the hoof-prints of the horse outside where the beef had been driven into their enclosure. Back of their shack in a pile near the fence they found nine fresh hides.

"A stall for cow thieves!" said Etling, a nervous little sheep man, who had lost many a sheep to the wire cutters and knew the Sheriff for what he was. "Let's hike for the bottoms, Caspar. Ockerson will never take us in alive."

They drove the steer out through the house corral, and in ten minutes were scampering to cover in the cottonwood thickets of the river bottom. At 9 o'clock the Sheriff and his posse found the cow and followed its trail to Etling's. The hides were picked up as evidence. The officers scoured the neighborhood for the runaways, and, not finding them, burned down the shack and the feed shelter, cut the wire fences and drove back toward town with a hundred head of mutton. The sheep never reached the pound, however, for Tom Harkness circled them away from the settlements and headed them for Lynx River. The recovered steer was corralled in Ockerson's yard, and a charge of cattle stealing fixed by Judge Higgins against "Henry Etling and one Caspar, sheep ranchers, in township 11, Green County, etc." This story soon filtered into Sandstone and great was the suppressed indignation which it aroused. Doc Peterson thought of asking for Federal aid in suppressing the twin tyrants of Green County, but nobody else seemed to be able to contrive a measure sufficiently practical and daring for the task.

Meanwhile the Sheriff and the Judge, who had openly entered into an alliance which included commercial as well as legal supremacy, were engaged in enlarging and improving a combination livery stable and feed yard, in which they were equally interested. The project under way was the sinking of a well, but the deep-rooted dislike and suspicion in which they were both held by the townsfolk made it necessary for them to do most of the work themselves. They took turns below digging at the clay or drilling into the rocky strata, but were hard put to find a steady man who would man the windlass which lifted the dirt and debris and the diggers themselves from the well. On Monday morning, however, a stranger struck town in search of work. He was a red-faced, pussy German, with bulging blue eyes, very silent but very good-natured. So Ockerson hired him, and from 8 in the morning till 5 in the evening, with but an hour for rest at noon, he had tugged and panted at the rough handle of the windlass. That hour he had spent in a most extraordinary manner, for Doc Peterson had watched him stroll down the main street to the edge of town and then run like a cottontail for the woods half a mile away. However, he was back at his post at 1 o'clock and the work went on in silence. At 5 o'clock Ockerson came up in the bucket.

"I got the drill in about five inches," he said to Higgins, who was ready to descend. "I think the next blast will fetch her. Better make a deep hole this time and drop in two sticks o' dynamite. It won't take morn' half an hour, Jedge."

"All right, Ock," said the Judge, getting into the bucket with an admonitory "Easy, easy, meinherr!"

At 5.30 from the depths of the well came the worker's voice: "Hi, up there! Get ready to hist."

"Put in a two-minute fuse, Jedge!" shouted the Sheriff, peering down into the well. "How deep's the drill?"

"Twelve inches," was the answer.

There was silence for five minutes, Ockerson leaning over the brink of the abyss, the German at the handle waiting for the word. A little man with an old-fashioned musket had come up unnoticed and was sitting on a heap of stones just behind the German. He said nothing. The fat worker at the windlass eyed him with vacant, watery eyes.

"Are you ready, mein herr?" came the voice of Judge Higgins.

"All ready!" cried the German.

Peering into the black abyss Sheriff Ockerson could see the flash of a match and then the red sputter of the fuse. The windlass creaked as the German bent to his task, but Ockerson, leaning over, was saying: "I'll bet she'll come in to-night, Jedge."

"Hope so," answered the voice, swiftly toward the surface. all the loose rocks over the dyna and packed it down with clay. Bet shot'll wreck the——"

His head was almost level with the surface, but he did not finish the sentence. The sudden shot of a gun near the German's ear caused him to drop the handle. Down went man and bucket with a scream and a crash. Ockerson turned swiftly round and saw Henry Etling, the little sheep man, just poising a ragged rock. Before the Sheriff could dodge it struck him full in the face. He never heard the awful explosion that followed in the well, nor felt the final crash of another stone which the wiry little Etling dropped upon his head. In five minutes the whole town was running into the corral, crowding round the the well. They found the Dutchman almost hysterical with fright; Ockerson quite dead, but from the smoke vomiting orifice in the earth came no sound but the rush and gurgle of water as the well "came in." Nor did anyone see the little sheep man in Sandstone again, though his shack is rebuilt and his Dutch partner lives with him in all the serenity of peaceful toil and an unruffled conscience.

As for Doc Peterson, the Coroner, he is very proud of his first verdict, which was "Death by a premature explosion on the part of Judge Chet Higgins, and by a fragment of flying rock on the part of Sheriff Bill Ockerson, both being brought about by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of a party or parties to us unknown."—John H. Raftery, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

GRAIN ELEVATORS OF AMERICA.

Processes in Carrying Western Grain to the Markets.

The farmers of the United States to-day are sowing corn fields aggregating over 80,000,000 acres—10,000,000 more than ten years ago—and harvesting 2,000,000,000 bushels and over in a season. Their wheat fields cover 40,000,000 acres—4,000,000 more than in 1890—and even the oat area is nearly 30,000,000 acres, an increase of twenty per cent. It may be impossible to sell such a crop immediately except at a loss. Therefore, the imperative necessity for storage facilities has resulted in the development of the elevator system in America on a scale unknown elsewhere in the world.

On a Dakota, Kansas or Nebraska farm, where the harvest field may cover 500 or 2000 acres, only a small portion of the yield is threshed and placed in barn bins. The bulk is carried to what are termed railroad elevators, located in convenient towns. These vary in capacity from 10,000 to 100,000 bushels, according to location in the producing district, and from them the transporation company loads its cars for the domestic or foreign markets. But the district elevators, as they might be called, represent only a fraction of the space for storage which now exists in the United States. Before it is loaded on shipboard at tidewater, a cargo may pass through four or five different buildings, be transferred from car into vessel and back again to car, as the modern processes employed facilitate its handling with ease and economy.—D. Allen Willey, in the Engineering Magazine.

Don't Peach.

A short time ago some Eton College boys during a concert at the termination of the "half," stuffed some of the locks of a class room with plaster of paris. Notwithstanding threats of punishment and the stoppage of all leave this "half" it was impossible to find the culprits. Two of the ring leaders have now confessed. One was about to leave, and no punishment could be inflicted. In the other case the boy has been requested to leave. The headmaster, Dr. Warre, in addressing the school upon the matter, said it had been within his knowledge who the offenders were, but he admired the esprit du corps of the school in not "peaching" upon their comrades.—London Telegraph.

Even the bald headed man realizes that there is plenty of room at the top.

Household Matters

Practical Built-in Seats.

A favorite form for the built-in fireplace seat is to have the two ends of the fireplace treated differently, one seat projecting in straight line into the room, and the other following the line of the wall at right angles to the first. The seat is provided with an overshadowing shelf, which holds a convenient book or magazine. This idea may be elaborated by adding to the wall seat a further projecting balustrade which shall have the effect of closing in an ingle-nook sufficiently large to hold a small tea table, a stand for smoker's outfit, or for holding the daily paper or favorite magazine.

The book-shelf over any corner or wall seat is ornamented, but when built immediately over a long davenport it becomes a most useful as well as comfort-giving feature of a general sitting-room in which must be kept a supply of reading matter. Such a shelf should be placed immediately over the back of the davenport, which, when upholstered properly, will extend some five or seven inches from the wall. Where the means will allow it, a second shelf may be built above, which may be divided into cabinet spaces sufficiently open at the ends to make a pleasing resting place for favorite brass or pottery specimens, or candlesticks or for small fancy lamps. A shelf or set of shelves over a removable davenport that must be set against a long plain wall will add greatly to the furnishing of the room.—Harper's Bazar.

China Notes.

Pressed glass has this season taken on so much more attractive form and better quality that it has grown very popular. Some of the latest patterns of pressed glass, modeled after those of Colonial days, are very much liked and come in beautifully clear glass of extremely [illegible]rable shape, and so inexpensive.

* * *

The tinted colored and iridescent dishes in the lower priced glass are very much improved, and especially in flower vases are brilliant effective to a most satisfactory degree.

* * *

Among the latest offerings of fancy pieces, even the atomizer takes on a fancy shape. A group of dainty bisque figures helps to disguise some of the most recent of them.

* * *

For a blue room for a summer cottage pretty bedroom sets of powder box, pin tray, hair receiver and atomizer in imitation Wedgewood are quite desirable, while for a pink room similar sets, with Dresden and pink decorative motifs, are just the thing.

* * *

The fish and game sets in Wedgewood shown this season are particularly striking and appropriate, too, as blue seems especially consistent for summer home fitments. One special design has a head of Sir Christopher Wren, architect of St. Paul's Cathedral, and motifs adapted from carvings in that famous edifice as a decorative scheme.

* * *

While decorations of American flowers are much seen on new china, yet there is a considerable utilization of Chinese and heraldic designs also.

* * *

New berry sets of seven pieces in Limoges have very dainty natural colored flower patterns or large fruit decorations.—Philadelphia Record.

. . RECIPES . .

Cherry Tapioca—Soak one cup of pearl tapioca in two cups of cold water until all the water is absorbed. Turn the juice from a pint of canned or freshly cooked cherries and pour it over the tapioca; cook half an hour; then add the cherries and a little grated nutmeg. Turn into a mold and let it stand on ice until it stiffens, then turn out and serve with whipped cream.

Almond Jumbles—Beat half a pound of butter to a cream, add half a pound of loaf sugar pounded fine (granulated sugar may be used); mix in half a pound of flour and a quarter of a pound of almonds blanched and chopped very fine or beaten to a paste in a mortar with the juice of a lemon. Work into a smooth dough, roll out thin and cut into small rings and bake in a moderately quick oven.

Sugar Cakes—Take a pound and a half of sifted flour, a pound of chilled butter and half a pound of sugar and work all together into a smooth paste; then roll out into a long roll with the hands and cut with a thin, sharp knife into thin cakes; put a sheet of paper in the bake tin; sprinkle a little flour over it and lay the cakes on this; prick them with a fork and bake in a quick oven about ten minutes.

Fruit Bread Pudding—Pour one quart of cold milk upon one pint of bread crumbs, add the yolks of two eggs well beaten, the grated rind of one lemon, using only the surface of the lemon—if any of the white part is used the pudding will be bitter—one cupful of sugar and one tablespoonful of butter; place in a moderate oven and spread over it strawberry, raspberry or currant jelly, or preserves, beat the white of the egg to a stiff froth; add half a cupful of powdered sugar, juice of one lemon, spread this over the jelly and brown in the oven.

Rice and Milk Pudding—Blanch a half cup of rice by heating to boiling point in plenty of cold water and draining and rinsing in cold water. Add one-half cup sugar, one-half teaspoon salt, grating of nutmeg, one-half cup stoned raisins and three cups milk. Bake in moderate oven about three hours, stirring two or three times during the first hour to keep raisins from settling to the bottom. If the pudding looks at all dry add another cup of milk ten or fifteen minutes before taking from oven. The rice should be whole each grain imbedded in a creamy mass. This pudding is at its best when half cold.

The authorities of Baltimore County, Md., furnish antitoxins to the poor without cost.

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ERIE RAILROAD

Time Table in Effect June 15, 1902.

WESTWARD. EASTWARD.

No. 7	No. 5	No. 3	No. 17	No. 1	No. 25	STATIONS.	No. 4	No. 2	No. 24	No. 14	No. 8	No. 6
p. m.	p. m.	p. m.	a. m.	a. m.	a. m.	Leave. Arrive.	p. m.	p. m.	a. m.	a. m.	a. m.	a. m.
9.10	7.25	2.25	3.50	8.55	....	New York	3.22	6.57	6.17	1.07	6.17	8.00
6.13	6.13	6.13	9.35	9.35	....	Carbondale	5.45	5.45	....	....	8.53	8.53
5.40	1.10	8.15	11.45	2.27	6.25	Susquehanna	9.47	1.33	9.05	6.50	12.23	2.25
....	note	....	12.01	....	6.41	Great Bend	....	....	8.48	6.39	note	....
4.30	1.45	8.55	12.[illegible]	2.58	7.10	Binghamton	9.10	1.01	8.20	6.05	11.40	1.43
....	....	....	12.59	....	7.27	Union	....	....	7.57	5.43	....	....
5.06	2.13	9.25	1.21	3.25	7.54	Owego	8.38	12.32	7.33	5.18	11.00	[illegible]
5.36	2.39	9.51	2.06	3.49	8.30	Waverly	8.12	12.08	6.56	4.44	10.28	12.42
6.09	3.05	10.20	2.45	4.13	9.13	Elmira	7.43	11.45	6.21	4.07	9.58	12.16
6.45	3.31	10.47	3.22	4.38	9.54	Corning	7.22	11.21	5.35	3.34	9.18	11.50
7.10	....	....	3.46	4.53	10.19	Addison	7.05	11.05	5.06	3.15	8.56	11.31
7.59	....	....	4.37	....	11.15	Canisteo	....	10.34	4.18	2.37	8.15	....
8.22	4.50	11.50	4.55	5.35	11.40	Hornellsville	6.28	10.26	4.10	2.3[illegible]	8.05	10.50
11.30	7.00	....	8.00	8.00	7.45	Buffalo	....	8.00	....	....	4.07	8.10
1.58	8.08	....	9.09	9.09	9.09	Niagara Falls	....	7.16	....	....	12.45	6.43
....	....	....	....	....	....	Salamanca	....	....	....	....	....	6.35
11.40	6.47	2.03	9.00	....	2.50	Jamestown	2.14	5.15	....	9.15	3.05	....
6.30	12.49	7.40	....	....	9.30	Cleveland	5.55	....	....	11.30	8.30	1.00
6.50	....	2.45	....	....	6.50	Cincinnati	2.00	....	....	8.00	....	....
7.35	9.45	5.20	....	....	7.35	Chicago	10.30	....	....	3.40	9.20	....
a. m.	p. m.	p. m.	p. m.	p. m.	a. m.	Arrive. Leave.	a. m.	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.	p. m.	p. m.

Above trains run daily except No. 14 between Chicago and Salamanca; train No. 25 does not run Sundays between Salamanca and Jamestown. Jefferson Div. trains 122, 130, 121, 3 and 103 run daily. No. 5 does not run west of Leavittsburg on Mondays and days following legal holidays. No. 8 will stop at Great Bend to take on New York passengers and let off passengers from Buffalo. No. 5 will stop at Great Bend to let off passengers from New York. Trains 4, 2, 8, 1, 3, 5, 7 are vestibuled.

Additional Trains going East—No. 18, local, daily, leaves Hornellsville 5.50 a. m., Canisteo 5.59 a. m., Addison 6.45 a. m., arrives Corning 7.05 a. m.; leaves Corning 7.30 a. m., Elmira 8.11 a. m., Waverly 8.56 a. m., Owego 9.36 a. m., Union 10.07 a. m., Binghamton 10.36 a. m., Great Bend 11.26 a. m., arrives at Susquehanna 11.50 a. m. Trains 30 and 122, daily except Sunday, leave Binghamton 6.15 a. m. and 3.35 p. m. for New York and to Carbondale via Susquehanna. Train No. 16 daily except Sunday, leaves Susquehanna 1.50 p. m. for New York.

Additional Trains going West—No. 19, local, daily, leaves Susquehanna 6.33 p. m., Great Bend 6.48 p. m., Binghamton 7.15 p. m., Union 7.31 p. m., Owego 7.56 p. m., Waverly 8.32 p. m., Elmira 9.05 p. m., Corning 9.35 p. m., Addison 9.55 p. m., Canisteo 10.48 p. m., arrives at Hornellsville 10.55 p. m. Trains 121 and 29, daily except Sunday, from Carbondale and New York, arrive at Binghamton 12.04 noon and 10.16 p. m. Train No. 15, daily except Sunday, from New York arrives at Susquehanna 3.30 p. m.

ROCHESTER DIVISION.

121	129	107	STATIONS.	102	114	108	105	107	101
p. m.	p. m.	a. m.	Lve. Arr.	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.	a. m.	a. m.	p. m.
5.25	1.45	6.45	Elmira	10.35	1.22	9.08	6.29	9.35	4.50
6.06	2.21	7.20	Corning	10.03	12.50	8.30	9.05	10.43	6.08
6.42	3.04	8.04	Bath	9.22	12.08	7.47	10.20	11.01	6.23
7.35	3.56	8.58	Wayland	8.34	11.22	6.52	11.00	11.20	6.40
9.15	5.55	10.55	Rochester	6.50	9.35	5.00	1.25	11.40	7.00
p. m.	p. m.	a. m.		a. m.	a. m.	p. m.	a. m.	a. m.	p. m.

Nos. 107, 108 and 101 run daily except Sunday; others run daily.

TIOGA DIVISION.

STATIONS.	102	124	108
Lve. Arr.	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Elmira	9.10	4.00	5.20
Lawrenceville	8.05	....	4.13
Tioga	7.45	1.30	3.56
Mansfield	7.30	12.45	3.37
Blossburg	7.10	11.40	3.15
	a. m.	a. m.	p. m.

All trains daily except Sundays.

No. 202, local, Sundays only, leaves Rochester at 8.00 a. m., Wayland 9.44 a. m., Bath 10.38 a. m., Corning 11.13, arriving at Elmira at 12.01 noon. No. 113, daily except Sunday and Monday, leaves Corning 4.25 a. m., Bath 5.02 a. m., Wayland 5.46 a. m., arrives at Rochester at 7.25 a. m., Parlor cars. Through standard Pullman sleeping cars to Albany, Boston, New York, Buffalo, Chautauqua Lake, Cambridge Springs, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago. Tourist car service to western Pacific coast and California points; also to Boston via Binghamton and Albany. Highback seat coaches. Connections made at Binghamton, Union Depot, with D. & H. trains for Albany, Boston, Saratoga, Lake Champlain, Lake George. Dining and cafe cars. Trains protected by safety block signal system.

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February 9, 1900. VALENTINE RETTIG, Corning, N. Y.

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THE EGOIST.

I am the man who runs them all!
I ... in conscious power
Upon my home-made pedestal,
The hero of the hour.

Decrees of kings or words of wit
Which mighty minds reveal,
Can never hope to make a hit
Until they bear my seal.

I do not toil. I but compile
The scroll that tells renown,
Men coo like children when I smile
And tremble when I frown.

'Tis thus the lordly egotist sings
While earnest workers strive
And find the joy that doing brings,
Nor know that he's alive.

IN WARD FIFTEEN.

WILLIAM PARSONS, Company E, Eighteenth United States Infantry, was the entry in the hospital register. He occupied a cot in Ward 15, together with thirty other wounded soldiers, representing nearly every regular regiment in the Fifth Army Corps. Many of them were seriously wounded, one was shot through the neck, several through the body, while others had been mangled by the terrible shrapnel. But of all the wounded, Bill Parsons was the only one who could not live. At least, so the surgeons and nurses said, and as the regulars, through long experience, had learned to put faith in what the surgeons told them, they not infrequently forgot their wounds and looked over toward the white screen which sheltered Bill's cot, and muttered something which sounded like "Poor Bill," or remarked that it was a blank shame that such a good soldier should be obliged to give up his life to the bullet of a miserable dago.

And Bill was a good soldier—a good regular—and when you have said that you can say no more. His bronzed face, with its deeply marked lines, bespoke dangers and hardships and his hair and beard were grizzled. Fighting was an old story to Bill Parsons. He had hunted Captain Jack and his Modoc Indians; he had fought the Utes, Geronimo and his Apaches, and he had been with Miles at Pine Ridge. Thirty years in the regular army was his record and private was the only title that had ever been affixed to his name. If he lived, however, and decided to stay in the army, he would stand an excellent chance of being called sergeant, for his Colonel had seen him when he seized the colors from the dead sergeant's hand and carried them far out on the firing line on the hillside of El Caney.

He had had but few conscious moments since leaving Siboney. They did not think he would live to make the voyage, but as he was breathing when the Seneca began to load with wounded for the first trip north he was put aboard with the rest. And in due time he was in the cool, clean ward at Bellevue. It was a hard fight for life, but Bill was a good fighter, and he won.

Weeks passed. The wound in the head had healed, but the terrible Cuban fever and the shock of his wound weakened his body and sapped the little that remained of his great strength. His bunkies had already begun to leave their cots and to gather on the sunny balcony where they smoked their corncob pipes and swapped [illegible] and stories, but Bill still tossed and moaned on his cot. Sometimes he would open his eyes and look about him in amazement. He wondered where he was, and thought it might be the Fort Custer barracks until he looked through an open window and caught a glimpse of the slate colored waters of the East River and the green stretch of the hospital grounds sloping down to meet them. Maybe it was fairyland or heaven. He wondered who the sweet-faced woman standing by the next cot could be, and he marveled that she should spend so much time in feeding its occupants with fruit and ices. If some one would only feed him. He seemed to have a vague impression that something had softly stroked his forehead while he slept. He thought that possibly it might have been some of the angels whom he used to believe guarded over those who sleep, and then he smiled foolishly and told himself that he had probably dreamed it. And then the windows darkened, the sky grew black, the ward and its occupants faded away and he sunk into the first sweet sleep since he was wounded.

Meanwhile the regulars and nurses had come to look for the arrival of a stout, sweet-faced woman with spectacles and gray hair.

"Yes, ma'am," they would say, "he's a little better today." And then she would smile and go over to Bill's corner, and if he was asleep she would sit down on the edge of his cot and smooth out the rumpled hair and bathe his temples with ice water. If his eyes were open she would pass by. But whether he was asleep or awake she would always leave a jar of jelly or some fruit on the little table by the head of his cot. She left jelly with the other soldiers, too, but she never sat beside them or bathed their temples—perhaps it was because Bill looked so sick and so old.

Bill never slept so soundly as now, and he often dreamed that some beautiful being guarded over his slumbers. And once his dream seemed so real that he awoke, but he did not open his eyes because a soft hand was passing over his aching forehead. It was not the surgeon's hand nor the nurse's. He was familiar with their touch. He knew it was a woman's hand or an angel's. Quite as likely one as the other, thought Bill. He did not open his eyes until the hand ceased to bathe his forehead. It was early in the afternoon, he knew, because the sun's rays shone in neither the eastern nor the western windows. Thereafter he always kept awake at that time, although he never opened his eyes. And then the surgeon shook his head, and decided that Bill was not improving; he slept too much—but Bill knew.

"When I get well," he told himself, "she won't come any more. I don't know but I'd just as lief die." But the next time he heard the familiar rustling of the dress he opened his eyes and found a sweet-faced woman standing [illegible] and she blushed and turned away [illegible] she saw him looking [illegible]. And then Bill wished he had kept his eyes closed. He began to feel [illegible] at all.

[illegible] something about her face [illegible]. As one passes [illegible] of some old [illegible] wonders where he heard [illegible] and then [illegible]

so Bill gazed at that gentle, peaceful face, the faded blue eyes with the crowsfeet in the corners and thought of a girl he used to know in a little town in the hills. Bill had loved that girl. That was why he went into the army. It was all so long ago that it seemed like a dream, and yet the light which still lingered in the eyes of that kindly woman illumined his dream to a semblance of reality and in mind he followed the light down the devious grooves of change until the face of his old love shone vividly through the veil of years. Bill was puzzled to know why that should be.

She came back the next afternoon bringing with her a long pipe and several bags of tobacco. "The doctor says you may smoke to-morrow, and maybe I'll come and read to you."

"Thanks, lady," said Bill, who felt as one must feel to whom an angel has stooped.

And she did come, and she came the day after, and although she visited many soldiers it was Bill to whom she used to read of the doings at Montauk Point, or listened while Bill in his simple way told the story of his campaigns. Once she told Bill of her little home in the hills, where she hired a girl to milk the cows and man to do chores and help raise garden truck for the market ever since her husband had died. And when she told him this the light of Bill's dream became light indeed. He knew now why she had been kind to him. Strange thoughts began to fill his mind, and oftentimes he blushed behind his grizzled whiskers. The woman began to be known as Bill's widow, and they made mild sentimental jests at his expense, but Bill smiled.

"I used to know her when she was a girl," was his only reply.

But there was one thing of which Bill's bunkies were certain, and that was if her kindness to him was due to the fact that he had known her when she was a girl, the same explanation could not be applied to her kindness to the youngest soldier in the ward. Merely a boy he was, and he had blue eyes, too, much like the widow's. A shell had taken off his foot at the ankle and he spent most of his time talking of the pension and the two cork legs a year that Uncle Sam was to give him. He had been brought into Ward 15 only recently. But he had not been there a day before every one knew that Bill had a rival. There were some who had seen her cry and kiss the boy when she first saw him, and some had it that the boy cried, too, although this was not generally believed.

One day she sat beside the boy, talking earnestly the whole time, for nearly an hour, and she stayed with Bill only ten minutes. For she was in a hurry, she said. Then it was that Bill realized, as had his comrades long before him. And then he blushed again and felt very foolish. Just a little bitter, too, he felt, and in a dull way it struck him that this was not the first time she had made him feel this way. But the first time was many, many long years ago. The next time she called Bill made believe that he was asleep, and so he did the next time after that. It was hard, though, and after she had gone a tear trickled down Bill's furrowed cheek. But the third time he pretended to be asleep again. This time, however, the steps lingered by his cot, he felt warm breath against his cheek, but he kept his eyes closed. Then came a softly whispered sentence and then Bill opened his eyes very wide. His comrades were out on the balcony, and the nurse was in another part of the ward, so no one can say authoritatively what followed. At all events Bill did not feign sleep any more, and often he glanced protectingly at the little crippled rookie. Of course he could understand why she did not want him to know at first, although she never told him why. He should not have cared if she had three sons.

* * * * *

When Bill said good-bye to his bunkies and told them he was going to reenlist they slapped him on the back and seemed glad that he had not fallen down to the "Jersey widow." And Bill did enlist. The United States Army was not aware of it, however, for his enlistment papers were filed in the archives of a little country church back in the Jersey hills, and Bill often declares that it was the most satisfactory enlistment that he ever made—all the more satisfactory since the crippled rookie has learned to call him father.—New York Sun.

A New "Lee Penny."

Our readers have all heard of the famous "Lee Penny," the "talisman" from which Scott gave the title to his romance of the crusades. "Sir Simon Lockhart," wrote Scott, "after much experience of the wonders which it wrought, brought it to his own country and left it to his heirs, by whom, and by Clydesdale in particular, it was, and is still, distinguished by the name of the Lee Penny, from the name of his native seat of Lee." But a new combination of a similar kind has just come into being. For on the 4th inst. at St. George's Church, Catford, a Mr. Lee was married to a Miss Penny and they were hyphened in their matrimonial announcement as "Lee-Penny." The coincidence is a very curious one, and if there be any talismanic virtue in names, the union can scarcely fail to be as happy a one as that of Edith and Sir Kenneth, the Scotch knight.—London Chronicle.

A New Sword Metal.

According to the London Globe, the Austrian Government has, it is said, decided to arm several cavalry regiments with swords made of a new metal named magnalium, which is asserted to combine the lightness of aluminum with the strength and flexibility of steel.

THE GERM-PROOF HOME

IT SHOULD BE RATHER BARE, WELL VENTILATED, VERY SUNSHINY.

In the Ideal Health Home There Must Be No Stairs—One Must Dispense With Dainty and Tasteful Upholstery—Hanging Pictures Are Banned.

While on the subject of dust and dirt and consequent microbes a word about the ideal healthy home is in season. According to the scientists an ideal living place is a rather bare, perfectly ventilated and very sunshiny place. To those whose souls are wedded to their knick-knacks and draperies the hygienic home is a cheerless place, but this feeling is said to wear off after a few weeks of life in the clean, bare rooms recommended by the idealists, and other people's over-furnished houses look stuffy and musty to one's enlightened eyes.

If one wishes to accustom oneself by degrees to hygienic furnishings instead of taking the fatal plunge at once this is a good time of year to begin—when most of the useless and more or less usually less ornamental and dust-collecting carpets and hangings are packed away in moth balls and cedar chests. One would have to be strong-minded indeed to live up to all the requirements of the extreme hygienic furnisher, but one can make gentle compromises, and the adoption of even a few of these new ideas would work a happy change in the nerves and general well-being of the average worrying, fidgety women who live in crowded rooms.

To begin with, if she desires to do the thing thoroughly, the would-be hygienic housewife must make up her mind to dispense with dainty and tasteful upholstery in her new home, for this is the happy hunting grounds of the elusive and malevolent microbe.

In the ideal health home there should be no stairs—all the rooms should be on the ground floor. No picturesque insect-harboring creepers should adorn the walls. Ordinary bricks in some conditions of the atmosphere become regular germ lairs, and should be superseded by glazed and tightly fitting hygienic bricks. Naturally, the air of the country is purer than in town. Still such adjuncts of civilization as gas and water are not to be despised, so a hygienic dwelling house that was situated too far from a town would have several grave drawbacks. A gravel soil is also indispensable. Light is fatal to bacteria, darkness is favorable to their development, so cellars, accordingly, are favorable lurking places for them. Therefore cellars must go. A layer of concrete should first be placed under the floors. Above this, and immediately beneath the floors should be a "damp course" running right along the length of the walls consisting of blocks of earthenware pierced for ventilation. This absolutely prevents any damp that might get past the concrete entering the house.

The house may be of any design, but the windows should, for choice, reach from the top to the bottom of the walls. A good type of window is that in which the lower frame opens like a casement and the upper swings like a fanlight.

The best type of roof is tiled, not slated.

As to drainage, if there is no good system of sewers available, the waste water from the house is led into a series of V-shaped troughs, into which a special culture of microbes is placed. The particular germ used is a gigantic fellow compared to his brothers of cholera and typhoid. All poisonous bacteria are fish that come into his clutches. He lives and fattens on them as soon as they enter his V-shaped den. Though absolutely harmless to man, he slays his brother bacteria with zest and efficiency.

As to the furniture of the rooms themselves, the dining room should be of polished mahogany. The chairs should be cushionless or stuffed with medicated wood. No elaborate carving could be tolerated, for it would be bound to collect dust. The walls should consist of a cement that takes a high polish, can be stained to any tone, and can be washed frequently. Curtains and curtain poles are anathema to the scientist; but an artistic touch might be introduced by a number of plants of the india rubber and eucalyptus type. These kill bacteria and insects, and by giving off oxygen revivify the atmosphere.

Pictures of the ordinary hanging type must also be banned. If wanted, they should be let into the cement wall. Any projection can harbor a few thousand million microbes and servants are very human. The skirting is rather peculiar in a "health house." It starts from the wall in a gentle curve, and is continued until it merges into the hard wood parquet floor. Thus there are really no corners in the room at all, but merely graceful curves that the housemaid's brush can readily deal with.

In the drawing room the heavier furniture should not stand close to the enameled cement wall. Nothing should be against the wall that could not easily be moved for the periodical wash. The absence of filmy lace curtains and heavy drapery may to some extent be compensated by masses of living vegetation. The chairs should be of hard wood and, if necessary, a metal spring seat could be fitted. The strict hygienist would possibly yearn to scrub the interior of the grand piano with soap and water. Possibly he might be appeased and mollified by very thorough and frequent dusting.

The bedrooms would show several improvements upon the conventional type. There would be no pillows on the beds. Instead, there should be a slope of three or four inches from the head to the foot. This sends the blood away from the brain and induces sleep. The beds, with a plain spring mattress, are only eighteen inches from the ground.

In all rooms a perfect system of ventilation is necessary. A method found most reliable is one in which the [illegible]

Heating should be upon the system in which hot air is conducted all over the house in pipes from one furnace.

If gas be used for illumination, the ceiling immediately above it should be pierced for the egress of the products of combustion, or a tube, which should be carried outside the walls, can be placed above the burner. In the bathroom bath cork mats should be left severely alone. A good wall covering is formed of enamelled zinc. "Fly nets" in the pantry ought to be dispensed with, and it is advisable to place a loose material on a metal frame containing a circular trough of some antiseptic over the meat.

CURIOUS FACTS.

If the whole earth was reduced to a level tableland its height would be 920 feet above sea level.

In order that a rainbow may be produced the sun must not be more than forty-two degrees above the horizon.

In 1880 an ounce of gold would buy fifteen ounces of silver. Twenty years later it would purchase twenty ounces.

It is said that a full-grown bee can draw twenty times its own weight. It can fly about five miles an hour, and it will seek its food at a distance of four miles.

Among the curios of Windsor Castle is a chair made entirely out of the trunk of the famous elm by which the Duke of Wellington stood at the Battle of Waterloo.

The worst mosquito infested neighborhood in the world is the coast of Borneo. At certain seasons, it is said, the streams of that region are unnavigable because of the clouds of mosquitoes.

One sees curious things in jewels these days, especially in the cheaper lines. A girl on the street cars the other day wore, as a brooch, what looked exactly like a set of false teeth in brilliants.

In a public park at Calcutta are several birds of the adjutant species. They are the storks of the East Indies, and average about six feet in height. These birds parade in a stately way, and at a distance look so much like soldiers that strangers often mistake them for grenadiers.

The story is told that at the springs near Boise, Idaho, one may sit with hook and line and catch the trout from a pool formed by a spring of cold water, and immediately, without changing his position, swing his delicious catch over into a hot pool, where it is quickly cooked.

Pauncefote's Pens.

In the Peace Congress at The Hague, Lord Pauncefote attracted the attention of the delegates by taking notes with a fountain pen, the handle of which was formed by the shell of a dumdum bullet. One day the representative of a foreign power, excited by the heat of the discussion in the interests of eternal peace, said to him, sharply:

"My lord, it isn't right for you to use that murderous shell in this congress. The instruments used by persons are almost emblematic. They can become a part of themselves, an expression of their ideas and of their personality."

Lord Pauncefote smiled, but said nothing.

The following day his critic, wanting to write something, turned to the English diplomat to borrow a pen. The ambassador pulled out of his pocket an old-fashioned pen made of a gray goose quill, and after the borrower had finished said:

"Monsieur, it isn't right for you to use such an instrument in this congress. The instruments used by persons are almost emblematic. They can become a part of themselves, an expression of their ideas and of their personality."—Paris Le Gaulois.

An Ancient Crematorium.

What the absent-minded old lady called a creamery has just been discovered near Reading, says the Westminster Gazette. Twenty urns, containing calcined human bones, have been unearthed at Sunningdale, near Camberley. A mound was being removed in the construction of golf links, when three urns were discovered. Under the direction of Mr. A. C. Shrubsole, F. G. S., curator of the geological and anthropological department of the Reading museum a further search was made, and seventeen more were brought to light. It is believed by competent authorities that the mound was the site of an ancient crematorium—probably a battle-ground—in pre-Roman days. Some of the urns are one foot four inches in diameter. They are of ancient British make, and may safely be ascribed to the time before Britain came under the Roman influence. It is estimated that the burials must have taken place between 2000 and 3000 years ago. Some of the urns have been sent to the British Museum, the Reading Museum, to Oxford and to the Louvre, Paris.

A Very Delicate Touch.

The five senses formed the groundwork of a little discourse which was [illegible] to a [illegible] broker at the corner of Fourth and Chestnut streets by a man to whom time evidently did not [illegible]. The broker was proceeding down the street, when obliged to step at the corner until a trolley car went by. It was at this moment the theme was broached to him.

"It is very singular," was the remark made to him by a rather seedy-looking individual, "how acute some senses become. There are five of them, of course, but with every one some particular sense is more acute than the others. Just see how carefully that [illegible] man steers his way along the crowded street. Now, with me—the best developed sense is that of touch." The broker looked his hands over hurriedly again. Meanwhile the car was clearing the crossing. [illegible]

"DUDE" DIED IN HARNESS.

Dog Crossing Watchman Who Saved Many a Child's Life, Succumbs.

"Dude," the railroad dog, is dead. "Dude" was only a dog. His name was not written among those dogs of high degree, for his ancestry would be absolutely untraceable, but he possessed a wider circle of human acquaintances than falls to the lot of most dogs.

"Dude" was the property of Fred Blume, of Edwardsville, but for several years was unofficially recognized as on detached service of the several railroads entering the up-town station, in the capacity of crossing watchman. The Blumes live near the depot, and soon after he came into their possession the little terrier became possessed of the idea that he must watch the grade crossings, of which there were a number in the vicinity.

For more than two years he has met every in-bound train and preceded the locomotive, barking an energetic warning. His plan of action was to dash down the main line as soon as a train whistled in the lower yards, and, turning about, speed ahead of the engine until it stopped at the platform. To ordinary switching he paid no attention. Watching the crossing became a mania with him, and as the companies provide no watchman he was really useful, and many a schoolchild has been warned of the approach of danger by the frantic barks of the dog when the warning bell, by reason of its familiarity, might have passed unnoticed.

"Dude's" end came yesterday afternoon. A Terminal train, several minutes late, and making time, proved too speedy for the little pilot ahead, and he was run down directly in front of the door of the ladies' waiting room. "Dude" is mourned sincerely by the railroad men, and suitable burial in the Wabash Park will be given.—St. Louis Republic.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

To impart happiness is to increase it.

Opposition often furnishes inspiration.

Falling meteors always attract attention.

No evil can harm us as long as we hate it.

An upright walk is the best kind of talk.

Zeal is good in the cylinders, but bad in the cab.

Self-denial is the thermometer of true charity.

Conscience has a greater commercial value than cash.

It takes a great heart to be grateful for little things.

To recede from a wrong position is really to advance.

Pessimism comes from looking out without looking up.

Chaff and straw always stack up higher than grain.

The loss of money has often meant the finding of manhood.

The blue sky is always bigger than the clouds, though we may not see it.

They who trouble not the bait of sin will not be bothered with its hook.—Ram's Horn.

"Kicked to Death by Fact."

Senator William P. Frye was once talking to the celebrated naturalist, Agassiz, of his fishing experiences. "Among my triumphs," said he, "was the capture of a speckled trout that weighed fully eight pounds." Dr. Agassiz smiled, and said: "Reserve that for the credulous and convivial circles of rod and reel celebrants, but spare the feelings of a sober scientist." Frye insisted that he was not exaggerating, but Agassiz refused to be guiled. "My dear Mr. Frye," he said, "permit me to inform you that Salvelinus fontinalis never attains that extraordinary weight. The creature you caught could not have been a speckled trout. All the authorities on ichthyology would disprove your claim." "All I can say is that," replied Senator Frye, "is that there are, then, bigger fish in Maine than are dreamed of in your noble science." The next season while fishing in the Maine woods, Frye caught a handsome speckled trout that weighed nine pounds, and sent it to Dr. Agassiz. A few days later he tramped to the station, where he found an electrographic message awaiting him from the great scientist, which read: "The science of a lifetime kicked to death by a fact. Agassiz."—The Argonaut.

Enameled Signs.

The enameling of iron and steel for street signs, refrigerator shelves and the like is an interesting process. Sheets of iron or steel are first dipped in an acid bath that cleans them thoroughly. Each sheet is then dipped in a preparation of pale blue enamel. After receiving this first coat it is dried on top of an oven heated by a flue from the furnace. When the enamel is quite dry the sheet is put into the kiln and exposed to a heat of 2200 degrees. It then receives a second firing this time at a temperature of 1800 degrees. A third and a last coat is then received and a third firing at 1500 degrees. The first coat is always pale blue, the second and third coats are any desired color.

The materials necessary for the making of the enamel come from far and wide, from England, Germany, Norway and so on. Kryolite, one of the principal ingredients, can only be obtained from "Greenland's icy mountains."

April as a Birth Month.

Among inventors and innovators April is a favorite month for birthdays. It begins with Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, and it has Hahnemann with his homeopathy, Gassiot with his water battery, Morse with his anesthetics and Lord Lister with his antiseptic dressing, says the London Chronicle. Two inventors of locomotion figure on the month's list, where Isambard Brunel and Mar[illegible] also appear. Innovators like Ma[illegible] and General Booth jostle together [illegible] their birthdays with Zola and Hobbes and John Oliver [illegible]

Eczema

How it reddens the skin, itches, oozes, dries and scales!

Some people call it tetter, milk crust or salt rheum.

The suffering from it is sometimes intense; local applications are resorted to—they mitigate, but cannot cure.

It proceeds from humors inherited or acquired and persists until these have been removed.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

positively removes them, has radically and permanently cured the worst cases, and is without an equal for all cutaneous eruptions.

Hood's Pills are the best cathartic. Price 25 cents.

FUSSINESS A MODERN DISEASE.

Many People Do Not Know How to Let Well Alone.

We have only to invert the telescope in order to find the civilian from his writing table at home carefully endeavoring to instruct the soldier in his duties regardless alike of military methods and of local conditions. Other examples of a like nature might be quoted, but the foregoing will suffice to direct attention to a quality of mind which appears to be increasingly prevalent among a certain class of writers and talkers and which cannot be regarded as a sign of healthy social life. It is not vigilance or prudence or deliberate and considered judgment; it is not even a natural and rational anxiety, though it may exhibit itself in the guise of any one of these. It is mere fussiness. Serving in itself no profitable purpose, it mingles with and impedes every useful work, damping energy and discouraging initiative and the sense of responsibility in those engaged in it. All the while it may be preaching moderation, patience and self-control.

This neurosis is not confined to any people or part of the civilized world, though it seems to be more prevalent in some quarters than elsewhere. Wherever there exists a suitable soil in the form of an intellect equipped with the visual organs of education, but without corresponding reflective power and self-restraint, there the morbid germ develops until it may even become epidemic over a wide area. We have already noticed some of its manifestations and have referred to the instability of will and the incoordinated action which are its natural consequences. In these circumstances its effective treatment is obviously most desirable. Fortunately it is a true functional disorder, and there is no reason to regard it as incurable. If only the exciting cause be frankly recognized and grappled with, much will have been done towards providing a remedy. In order to arrive at a successful result, however, it is necessary to begin by admitting that scrutiny in technical matters, even by those whom it may concern, may be overdone.

It matters little whether it be carried out by a subordinate government official, by an over-zealous pressman, or by a private individual more eager than judicious; if superfluous, the effect is the same. To let well alone is an axiom synonymous with sound practice. To say that details of matters not belonging to the province of common knowledge should be left in the hands of selected and competent persons is another way of expressing the same truth. The contrary method, that of prying and open-mouthed publicity, is incompatible with successful business, with the public service and with the very desirable extinction of the alarmist neurosis.—The Lancet.

Have to Be on Time.

"Before I became a suburbanite," said a man who recently moved out of town, according to the Philadelphia Record, "I used to note with considerable amusement the crowds of people who every day would compare their watches with the official timepieces to be found in front of several Chestnut street jewelry stores. I used to regard them as cranks when they would say to each other 'Right on the dot,' or draw long faces over a difference of a fraction of a minute. For my part I was satisfied if my watch kept decently good time, and never bothered my head over a matter of five minutes or so out of the way. I have since discovered that the people I used to think were cranks are really suburbanites, with trains to think about. It hasn't taken me long to discover the importance of having a watch exactly right, and after having missed several trains I myself have joined the crowds around the places where the official time is kept."

An Angora Cat Whips a Hawk.

A few mornings ago a large chicken hawk swooped down with terrific velocity upon what it must have thought to be a white chicken in the poultry yard of William H. Paul, near Earlton. It was the mistake of the aerial bird's life, as this particular object of its prey proved to be a pet Angora cat named Colonel.

The cat was taken by surprise at first, but soon gathered itself together and a furious battle was soon in progress, which resulted in the discomfiture of the attacking party. The conflict was short, sharp and decisive, and before Mr. Paul arrived on the scene the hawk flew away, minus a large mouthful of feathers which the Colonel retained as a trophy. The cat was badly cut by the talons of the hawk.—Baltimore Herald.

Authors' Temptations.

The temptation to a writer to reveal facts under the cloak of fiction is enormous, but the danger is equally great. There are few successful writers at the present day who have not been accused of "putting people in their books." To a certain class of readers there is an immense piquancy added to any character who may be suspected of being "real," and the success that an autobiographical "society novel" would achieve is too brilliant to contemplate.—London Court Journal.

Zola's Greatest Distinction.

At the celebration in the Pantheon recently all the celebrities of France were present, of course, and equally as a matter of course were bedizened with ribbons, stars and all the other marks of distinction in which France is so opulent. There was one little man, however, who appeared all in black and did not wear a single ribbon or star. It was Zola.—London M. A. P.

COMING UNCLE'S WAY.

Long the nations
Never cared
How our Uncle
Sammy fared;
Thought he wasn't
In their class
And among them
Couldn't pass.

But a wondrous
Change has come
Since our Uncle
Made things hum.
Honors shower
On him now,
And the nations
To him bow.

Just a little
While ago
Heinrich came with
Face aglow,
Grasped our Uncle
By the hand,
Praised his people
And his land.

Then the Kaiser
Wrote and wired
Thanks to Uncle,
So admired;
And he's anxious
To donate
Statue of old
Fred the Great.

Next some Frenchme[n]
Known to fame
On a friendly
Mission came.
Now a statue
They unveil
While our Uncle
Sam they hail.

Other nations
Once so stern
Are but waiting
For their turn;
So 'tis just the
Truth to say
Things are coming
Uncle's way.
—Pittsburg Chronicle-Tele[graph].

PITH AND POINT.

Enormous was a fairly imp[ortant] word until historical novels be[gan to] succeed.—Puck.

Georgie—"Paw, what is a [philan]thropist?" "An easy mark, m[y son]."—Ohio State Journal.

"Do you think that all the [world] loves a lover?" "Well, not e[xactly]. But all the tradespeople do."—[illegible]

Eat slowly; only men in rags
And gluttons old in sin
Mistake themselves for carpet [bags]
And tumble victuals in.
—Cornhill Mag[azine].

The truly strong man, the ma[n of] red blood, will either keep still [or say] something worse than "By J[ove]."—Puck.

The two words, "He Heroized [would] look well upon some of the tomb[s] in the graveyards of obscurity.—[Wash]ington Post.

"Goodness! How that railroad [stock] does fluctuate." "Yes, it's a wis[e rail]road stock that knows its own [mind]."—Philadelphia Press.

"And was my present a surp[rise to] your sister, Johnny?" "You bet[—she] said she never suspected you'd gi[ve] anything so cheap."—Tit-Bits.

I've been kissing our cook
While nobody was looking.
O' you needn't be shocked,
For my wife does our cooking.
—Philadelphia Re[cord].

Blond Bridemaid—"The ushers h[ave] seated your Aunt Miria with the [fami]ly." Other Bridemaid (sister [of the] bride)—"No, she only sent a [pickle] fork!"—Life.

Willie—"Pa, what's a linear [foot]?" Pa—"Why—er—a linear foot? O[h,] one that's hereditary. Didn't you [ever] hear tell of a linear descendan[t]?"—Philadelphia Record.

The average girl never has any serious misgivings as to her c[ompe]tence to preside over a home o[f her] own, and what few she has vanis[h the] moment she has made her first c[ake or] late cake.—Puck.

"Do as I tell you," Tommy's ma [or]dered. "It's about time you rea[lized] the futility of struggling agains[t the] inevitable. Do you know what [that] means?" "Yes'm," replied Tomm[y; "it] means there's no use o' your wa[shin'] my hands an' face cause they'll [jus'] get dirty again."—Philadelphia Pr[ess].

King Charles I. as a Captive.

Mr. E. G. Atkinson of the p[ublic] record office has come across tw[o in]teresting rolls throwing fresh ligh[t on] the treatment of Charles I. as a [pris]oner almost up to the time of his [exe]cution. These State papers, w[hich] seem to have escaped the diligen[t re]search of Dr. S. R. Gardiner, s[how] that the Roundheads did not act [in a] niggardly way toward their royal [cap]tive in the matter of dress and o[ther] requisites. The King's boots and s[hoes] between May and October, 1647, [cost] £28 4s. The tailor's bill for the [King] and the commissioners attending [his] majesty came to £321 15s., and the [bill] for other apparel, including black [and] colored silk stockings, a scarlet ro[be], coat trimmed with gold and si[lver] lace and lined with plush, and a b[ag] laced with gold and silver [lace] cost £285 9s. Among other arti[cles] ordered for his majesty were a w[atch] in two gold cases and a great si[lver] clock. Hunting and other horses w[ere] provided, and the books supplied to [the] King cost £82 17s.—London Chronic[le].

A Duplicate of the Kaiser.

Prince Nicholas, of Greece, who i[s to] wed the Grand Duchess Hele[ne], daughter of the Grand Duke Vladi[mir], the Czar's uncle, is the third son [of] King George and Queen Olga, and [is] thirty years of age.

He is a colonel in the Greek ar[my] and took part in the last war agai[nst] Turkey, notably in the battles of Ph[ar]salia and Domokos. He is versat[ile] and accomplished—quite a pocket e[di]tion of the Kaiser, in fact. He c[an] speak French elegantly as well as c[or]rectly, and is a painter and poet, a[nd] has even ventured into the domain [of] dramatic authorship.

Admirable Report of an Admiral.

It was Byng's father, Sir Geor[ge] Byng, who, by the way, gave occas[ion] for one of the most famous dispatch[es] in the annals of the British navy, sa[ys] the London Globe. In 1718 he order[ed] Captain Walton to pursue the Span[ish] Spaniards, and that gallant officer [re]ported his success in the followi[ng] terms: "Sir, I have taken and burne[d] as per margin, going for Syracuse, a[nd] am, Sir, your obedient servant, [G.] Walton."

Most Fertile Soil.

Egyptian soil holds the world's re[cord] for fertility. Its best 10,500 squa[re] miles support 926 people to the mile.

TRUSS TRUTH

1. A poorly fitted or wrongly constructed truss is no better than none at all. It gives false security.
2. You will get the best truss for your case and the best fit by buying where the assortment is largest—which means here.
3. We have had large experience in fitting; we feel our responsibility in this matter and always do our best.—
4. We offer an assortment of the latest improved trusses, and insure skill and care in fitting. You are charged for the truss only, and a very reasonable price at that.

PHARMACISTS. HYER & HOWD, WELLSBORO, PA.

THE PREMO CAMERA

Get the Best Always. . . .

SOLD BY
BLATCHLEY & CAMPBELL

:-: Ask for catalogue. :-:

LOCAL NOTICES.

HIGHEST cash price paid for old iron ...sin's tannery, Wellsboro.—July 10.

...K WANTED.—For prices inquire at ...ler Bros.—July 10-2t.

...LL PAPER at your own price. Slightly ...maged by water. Must be closed ... once. C. R. PARKER.

...D BUCKWHEAT at the Wellsboro ... Mills, also fresh ground buck... flour. GEO. C. BROOKS. ...y 2-tf.

...DIES and gentlemen making busi... ...r pleasure trips to Elmira can find ...nt apartments with Mrs. Thomas ...e, 143½ West Water street, oppo... ...heehan & Dean's dry goods house. ...y 14-tf.

...DIES' Tailor-made Suits, Walking ..., Silk Skirts, Shirt Waists, etc. ... to order a specialty and fit guar... ...d. Best syles with prices reason... MISS KATHERINE ROBINSON, ...y 15-tf. *81 Main street.*

The Gazette.

THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1902.

New Advertisements.

...n's Kidney Pills—Foster-Milburn Co.
...t Summer Clearance Sale—Max Bern... ...c Bro.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

...he GAZETTE until after election for ...nts.

...Mrs. S. M. Billings is enjoying an ...g at Atlantic City.

...Master Robert Conevery is visiting ...ves at Bath, N. Y.

...Miss Frances Potter, of Washington, ...iting friends in town.

...A cement walk is being put down ...nt of the Watrous block.

...Miss Jennie Irwin, of Bellefonte, is ...uest of Mrs. W. P. Smith.

...D. Pattison, of Elkland, had busi... ...at the county seat yesterday.

...Miss Annie Donnel, of Williamsport, ... guest of Mrs. Henry Herden.

...Work was commenced yesterday ...ing on the Crafton street sewer.

...The pagoda on the public square has ...ved a much needed coat of paint.

...Miss Florence LaFura, of New York ...is the guest of Miss Mary Cone...

...Miss Olive Sullivan, of Middleboro, ..., is the guest of Miss Ernestine ...r.

...Charles H. Roberts has sold his ...some Arabian horse to Leonard ...ison.

...Mrs. Frank A. Deans and her two ...ren are visiting her sister in New ... city.

...Mrs. F. W. Fleitz, of Scranton, is ...ing at the home of her parents in ...place.

...Charles King, of Williamsport, is ...ing at the home of his mother in ...borough.

...Mrs. Michael Sullivan is visiting her ...ter, Mrs. Patrick Bradley, at Rock ...am, N. Y.

...A ping-pong set has been added to ...billiard and pool rooms of Messrs. ...der & Sullivan.

...Dr. J. P. Longwell was called to ..., N. Y., last Thursday by the serious ...ss of his mother.

...John L. Sexton, the veteran editor ...e Blossburg *Advertiser*, was in town ...first of the week.

...William MacNulty has secured a ...ion as solicitor and canvasser for ...*North American*.

...Miss Margaret Conway, of Philips..., is visiting at the home of Deputy ...master Sullivan.

...The annual picnic of the Methodist ...day-school will be held in the Harri... ...park next Wednesday.

...The Catholic picnic will be held in ...ie's grove instead of the Harrison ..., as announced last week.

...Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Gaylord, of Mans..., are visiting their daughter, Mrs. ...H. Spaulding, of this place.

—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur McConnell and children, of Elmira, are visiting at the home of his parents in this place.

—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hyer, of Binghamton, N. Y., are visiting at the home of Mr. Hyer's brother, E. E. Hyer.

—Mrs. George D. Meigs, of Geneva, N. Y., has been spending a week here as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Osgood.

Messrs. E. A. and F. A. VanValkenburg, of Philadelphia, spent several days the past week at their home in this place.

—Last Friday evening Miss Edith and Master Allen VanHorn handsomely entertained about sixty little people at their home.

—Mrs. Margaret Ball, of Honesdale, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. A. B. Dunsmore. Mrs. Ball is accompanied by her granddaughter.

—William Scheidweiler has commenced overhauling and repairing the Bache brick block, which he recently purchased of Leonard Harrison.

—Mrs. Louis Weiscopf and her two children, of Cleveland, Ohio, are visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. Leopold Schwartz, on Grant street.

—Helen, the 9-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. English, fell on a piece of glass last Saturday and cut an ugly gash in her right knee.

—Landlord J. W. Sullivan and wife and son, Mark, took an overland trip to Addison on Tuesday and visited relatives, returning last evening.

—Messrs. Roberts & Gardner have been awarded the contract for putting in the new boiler for the steam heating plant of the school buildings. Their bid was $524.

—County Commissioners Doumaux and Reese went to Roaring Branch on Tuesday to meet the Lycoming County Commissioners and inspect the abutments of the county line bridge.

—Bache Hose Company will serve ice cream on the public square to-morrow evening during the band concert. Proceeds for the benefit of the running team. Turn out and help the boys.

—Prof. H. E. Raesly and wife left this morning for New York city, where they expect to remain two weeks. Before returning home they will visit Mr. Raesly's old home in Northampton county.

—Quite a number of young men of this place are given employment during the summer months at the Stokesdale tannery in piling bark. Several others are employed at the celery beds at the Junction.

—The strawberry season has closed in this section. Considering the abominable weather which has prevailed it has proved a prolific one for the local growers. S. L. Campbell has marketed about 6,500 quarts.

—Mulford Labar, an inmate of the county poorhouse, died suddenly last Friday of heart disease, aged 67 years. He was a former resident of Westfield township and the remains were taken there for burial.

—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bauer and daughter, Mamie, of Buffalo, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lappla several days last week. They were accompanied by Miss Lottie Keller, a niece of Mr. and Mrs. Lappla.

—Rev. Dr. J. R. Teefy, President of St. Michael's College, in Toronto, Canada, spent Sunday here as the guest of Rev. John O'Toole. He preached to a large congregation in St. Peter's church on Sunday morning.

—Attention is called to the large advertisement on the eighth page, announcing the great Summer Clearance Sale at Max Bernkopf & Brother's, which will begin Saturday morning and will continue one week.

—Jerome H. Smith, a spasmodic visitor to Wellsboro, spending his time between Elmira and this place, caught a fine mess of trout on Straight run last Monday. He also killed a three-foot rattler which sported eight rattles.

—Superintendent Frank H. Dartt, of Arnot, who has been ill for some time, went to Philadelphia on Tuesday where he will receive treatment at the Medico Chi hospital. He was accompanied by his wife and his brother, A. P. Dartt, of this borough.

—The store building in the Roberts & Gardner block, which is being remodeled and improved, will be occupied by a new firm to be known as W. J. Bailey & Co., who will put in a stock of wagons, harness, horse furnishing goods and farm machinery.

—Harry Fisk, of Tioga, aged about 15 years, was brought here last Friday and lodged in jail. He is charged with having stolen $15 from his grandmother, Mrs. Jane E. Fisk, on the Fourth. Young Fisk is the lad who was accidentally shot in the face by a companion a few weeks ago while hunting frogs.

—The hearse of B. Merz, the well-known undertaker of Morris, has been remodeled and improved by the Wellsboro Carriage Company. It presents a very handsome appearance, and while Mr. Merz does not urge the public generally to take a ride in his modern and improved vehicle still he is prepared to accommodate all who come.

—Landrus Bros., who are growing 40 acres of celery at the Junction this season, are building a wash house 20 by 60 feet. If the weather conditions continue favorable they expect to place in the market the finest quality of celery that has ever been grown in this section. Especial care will be taken in preparing the celery for shipment.

—John J. Fitzpatrick, of Buffalo, a former resident of this borough, died at his home in that city last Wednesday night as the result of an operation. He was 46 years of age and a native of Painted Post. During his residence here about 25 years ago he was employed as salesman in the store of the late Thomas Harden. The remains were taken to Corning last Saturday for burial.

—A branch of the Tabard Inn Library has been established in this borough with 50 members. The depository is at Blatchley & Campbell's drug store, where a handsome revolving book-case contains the volumes for circulation among the members, who are entitled to the use of the books for the nominal sum of 5 cents a week. The library was secured through the efforts of Miss Minnie B. Truman.

The Field Divorce Case.

The Elmira *Star* in commenting on the note in the GAZETTE last week, regarding Mrs. Isabelle Field being granted a divorce, says: "The Field case will be well remembered by Elmirans. Edwin Field left Elmira suddenly one day a year ago, with his stenographer, Miss Jennie Levegood. They had just been married by an Elmira clergyman. Mrs. Isabelle Field, with whom Field had been living and whom he had introduced as his wife, was left in Elmira. She produced her certificate of marriage to Field and placed her case in the hands of Attorney Judson A. Gibson, who prepared to prosecute the man for bigamy. But Field wisely kept away from Elmira. Now Mrs. Field, No. 1, has been granted a divorce, which action shows that the courts recognized the validity of her marriage to Field. It is understood Field and Mrs. F. No. 2 are now in a Pennsylvania town."

Another Line to Buffalo.

On Monday afternoon a special car containing officials of the New York Central railroad passed over this division en route to Williamsport, where they met officials representing three other great lines—the Philadelphia & Reading, Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg and Jersey Central railroads.

On Tuesday morning a special train made up of the private cars of the several different companies left Williamsport for Clearfield, via the Beech Creek district. The purpose of the jaunt was to look over the route and complete arrangements for opening the way for Philadelphia & Reading trains to run direct to Pittsburg and Buffalo via Williamsport. This will not only give the Reading an outlet to Buffalo and the lakes, but also afford Pittsburg another line to Buffalo.

Killed a Big Rattler.

Will Smith, of this place, killed a rattlesnake on Baldwin run last Thursday which measured over five feet in length and carried 21 rattles. The snake was apparently taking a sun bath and one of Mr. Smith's companions came near putting his hand on the serpent before it was discovered. It was as big around as a man's arm and is probably the largest rattlesnake that has been killed in this section in several years. Mr. Smith exhibited the rattles in town on Friday evening.

Those who are supposed to know declare that a rattlesnake is three years old before it acquires its first rattle and then it gets one each year thereafter. According to this the rattler killed by Mr. Smith was 23 years old.

Rooster Kills a Man.

The death of James W. Carroll, a prominent citizen of Lambertville, N. J., was caused by an attack by a rooster. Carroll was speared on a vein in his right hand by a rooster a few days ago while handling the chickens in his yard. His hand swelled greatly and he visited a physician for treatment. Upon returning home he died.

The above will be of local interest owing to the fact that a few weeks ago Rev. N. L. Reynolds was gaffed in the foot by a rooster and for a time it was feared that lockjaw would set in and the wound prove fatal.

Mistook Snake for Carpet Rag.

Mrs. F. N. Miller, of Lawrence township, had an exciting experience the other day. As she was going up stairs she saw on the steps what she supposed was a piece of carpet rag. When she attempted to pick it up she was horrified to discover that it was a snake of the spotted adder species. A few days later she found another snake hanging about her cape on a nail in the stairway. It is supposed the serpents gained entrance to the house by means of a climbing vine near a window.

Wanted to Sell His Wife.

According to the *Free Press* considerable amusement was furnished in Westfield the other night by a man who wished to sell his wife. He finally found a man who was willing to pay $25 for a helpmeet. There was no objection on the part of the lady, who advised them to either make a deal at once or let the m... drop. An attempt was made to h... a contract drawn up but the deal f... through after much arguing and the speculative husband retained his wife.

WORK OF LIGHTNING.

Two Horses and Eighteen Head of Cattle Killed by Electric Bolts.

To protect themselves from a severe wind ... bred cattle belonging to D. C. Young, of Smethport, McKean county, gathered under a large tree in their pasture on the Crossmire farm, about three miles below that town. During the storm a bolt of lightning struck the herd and when John Tormey, who has charge of the farm, went to see what damage had been done he found 18 of the herd dead—15 milch cows, one bull and two calves. There were all packed close together as they had stood, showing that they had died without a struggle.

A peculiar thing about this accident, says the Smethport *Miner*, is that the tree under which the cattle stood was not injured in the least, not even a bit of bark was torn off and no burned or scorched spots could be found on the tree.

Last week Sunday afternoon while Frantz Klesa was visiting his brother John, on Ayres Hill, says the Potter county *Journal*, his handsome span of gray horses were instantly killed by a stroke of lightning. The team was standing in a stall of the barn basement, while the three brothers, John, Joe and Frantz, with three little girls, were on the barn floor above. The electric fluid took a zigzag course from the peak of the barn and laid the two horses low without doing other damage except splintering the boards and timbers along its course. Other horses in the same stable were uninjured and the people in the barn felt only a slight shock.

A YEAR WITHOUT A SUMMER.

The Farmers Referred to It as Eighteen Hundred and Starve to Death.

From a newspaper clipping from the Hartford *Times* it is learned that in the year 1816 there was a sharp frost in every month of the year in the Northern States. It was known as the year without a summer. *The farmers used to refer* to it as eighteen hundred and starve to death. In May ice formed half an inch thick in Hartford, buds and flowers were frozen and corn was killed in the adjacent towns. Frost, ice and snow were common in June throughout Connecticut, and the snow fell five inches deep in New York and in Massachusetts ten inches deep on June 19. July was accompanied with frost and ice. On the 5th ice formed to the thickness of a window glass in Canton, Conn., and throughout New England and Pennsylvania corn was nearly all destroyed in *many sections. In August ice formed* an inch thick in Litchfield. A cold northern wind prevailed nearly all summer, with heavy rainfalls. Corn was frozen so that a greater part was cut down and dried in fodder. Farmers were obliged to pay $4 or $5 a bushel for corn of 1815 for seed for the next spring's planting.

Picnic of Normal Alumni.

The basket picnic of the Alumni of the Mansfield Normal School, their children and grandchildren and all students of the institution, former and present, to be held in Smythe Park, Mansfield, on Friday, August 8th, promises to be one of the events of the vacation season. Professors Amos Reese, '93, and Mort Jones, '93, are to choose sides for a game of ball and other entertainment will be provided. There will be ample room for all. Those from a distance will find hitching room or stabling for their horses in the park.

The corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Kate V. VanKeuren, will, upon request, see that tables are reserved for parties or class reunions. The aim of the committees will be to see that everyone has a good time. The invitation to attend is general and cordial.

Gold Dollars Are Now Rare.

"The United States gold dollar is so scarce that dealers in old and rare coins are advertising everywhere for them, offering from $1.50 to $3 apiece for as many as they can get," says the Philadelphia *Times*. "Since 1886 the United States mints have not coined any gold dollars. Since then their value has increased steadily. In the mint in this city, where the dies for all United States currency are made, a reporter for the *Times* was given the present value of the gold dollar of 1886. Those marked C. (Carson City) are worth from $1.70 to $2.50. Those marked D. (Denver) are worth from $2 to $2.50; those marked S. (San Francisco) are worth from $2 to $3, and those without any mark, indicating they were minted in Philadelphia, are worth from $1.50 to $1.90."

Potter County Gas for Elmira.

It now seems to be assured that the Potter Gas Company will extend their line through the Cowanesque valley to Elmira. The proposed course has been laid out, which makes the distance about sixty miles. The lines follow the general course of the Cowanesque valley. It passes Harrison Valley, Knoxville, Osceola, Elkland and Nelson. At Lawrenceville it crosses the Tioga river and then runs nearly straight across the country to the head of Seely creek, where it takes the course of the postal telegraph line to a point about a mile below Wells station, where it strikes the Tioga branch of the Erie railroad, and follows on down Seely creek to Southport, the Elmira suburb.

Killed by a Fall From Bridge.

Michael Fennell, of Elmira, aged 23 years, was killed at Westfield last Thursday morning. He was working in the employ of the Empire Bridge Company and was a member of a gang of men which was sent to Westfield several days ago to erect a bridge. Thursday morning the work which he had to perform called him to the top of the structure, which was 60 feet from the ground. While at this height he missed his footing and fell headlong to the ground. Death was instantaneous.

HAYING IN CHATHAM.

A Large Crop of Daisies Being Harvested—Summer Visitors and Other Notes.

LITTLE MARSH, July 16.—A number of ... rather cutting their crop of daisies. Many acres of meadow land have been plowed up and sown to buckwheat and many more would have been but on account of the late wet weather it could not be sown.

Mrs. Joseph Cooper, who has been sick for a long time, is able to sit up some. She expects to go to the sanitarium at Hornellsville to-day. She will be accompanied by her sister.

Eugene Spencer is suffering with a felon. It was feared at one time that lockjaw would set in.

Dr. Jones is slowly improving and is able to be up for a short time.

The old maxim, "It never rains but it pours," is still true. Twins, a boy and a girl, arrived at the home of Byron Wetmore a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Stebbins, of Westfield, called on old neighbors and friends here last Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Addie Thompson, of Wellsboro, spent the past week with her sister and other relatives here.

Miss May Carpenter returned to her home at Harrison Valley last Saturday. She was accompanied by her aunt, Mrs. Della Cloos.

Miss May Allett, of Cameron, N. Y., is visiting at the home of B. D. Carpenter.

Mrs. Nellie Boylan, of Lyons, N. Y., is visiting her mother and brother in this place.

Mrs. George Bernauer, of Delmar, spent last week with relatives here and at Chatham Valley.

The lecture delivered by Presiding Elder Hubbell was a great success in every particular. Over $60 was realized for the pastor's salary, $30 of which was netted from the lecture.

Sheep killing dogs are getting in their work again. The flock of W. C. Bostwick was visited one night last week and the appraisers allowed him $12 for the damage done.

Death of Mrs. Richard Skinner.

NELSON, July 16.—Mrs. Ellen Baker Skinner, wife of Richard K. Skinner, died at her home in this place last Thursday evening after an illness of several weeks. The immediate cause of her death was pneumonia following an attack of bronchitis. She was 70 years of age.

Mrs. Skinner was born in Chemung county, N. Y., and was married to Mr. Skinner, June 1, 1858. From 1864 to 1858 she lived at Cameron Mills, N. Y., where Mr. Skinner conducted a store. Later Mr. Skinner was engaged in business at Osceola and Elkland, moving to Nelson in 1894.

Since her residence here Mrs. Skinner had endeared herself to the people of this community by her kindly and pleasant disposition and her loss will be deeply mourned. The deceased is survived by her husband and one daughter, Mrs. Charles L. Babcock, of Wellsboro, who have the sympathy of their host of friends. The funeral was held from the house on Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock and the remains were taken to Elkland for burial.

The Central's Big Car Shops.

The car shops which are being built at Oak Grove, near Jersey Shore, will be the largest on the New York Central's system. The freight yards will also be on a mammoth scale and will have a capacity for handling 8,000 cars daily. The sizes of the buildings are as follows: Tank and boiler shop, 564x138 feet; wood mill, 290x100 feet; freight car shop 497.3x100 feet; pattern and wheel shop, each 50x39 feet; fan and heater rooms, and erecting shop and tool room, 564x127.4 feet; blacksmith shop, 210.4x40 feet; office and store, 252x75 feet; iron store house, 50x30 feet; coal house, 24x14 feet.

A Shocking Story.

A terrible story of depravity almost beyond belief comes from Shingle House, Potter county, where a few nights ago Maude Spencer, 16 years-old and who lives one mile south of Shingle House, was brutally assaulted by a gang of men numbering over 20. The girl was taken to a box car where she was left after the awful deed and where she was later found. She is in a critical condition and her death is expected at any time. The officials are investigating and already a number of arrests have been made.

MARRIED.

MOORE—WARREN—At Lindley, N. Y., July —, 1902, by Rev. H. H. Witham, Mr. Ray J. Moore and Miss Luella Warren, both of Charleston, Pa.

BREWER—METCALF.—At Galeton, Pa., July 3, 1902, by Benjamin Bingham, Esq., Mr. George Brewer, of Harrison Valley, Pa., and Miss Carrie Metcalf, of Knoxville, Pa.

GREENFIELD—SHAUT.—At the American House, Addison, N. Y., July 13, 1902, by Rev. George G. Ballard, Mr. L. H. Greenfield and Miss Anna Shaut, both of Gaines, Pa.

WATROUS—STICKLEY.—At the M. E. parsonage, Watkins, N. Y., July 9, 1902, by Rev. William Jacques, Mr. Frank Lynn Watrous and Miss Minnie Eulalia Stickley, both of Wellsboro, Pa.

BLACKWELL—DUFFEY.—At Watkins, N. Y., at the Methodist parsonage, July 4, 1902, by Rev. William Jacques, Mr. Alfred D. Blackwell, of Dix Run, Pa., and Miss Edith Jane Duffey, of Lloyd, Pa.

ASHLEY—BORAPAUGH.—At the home of the bride's uncle, Mr. H. F. Dewey, at Wellsburg, N. Y., July 12, 1902, by Rev. F. F. Broderick, Mr. Martin Ashley and Mrs. Margaret Borapaugh, both of Mainesburg, Pa.

A Century Ago coffee could only be bought in bulk. The 20th century way is the LION COFFEE way—sealed packages, always clean, fresh and retaining its rich flavor.

GRAVES & MATHERS

SPECIAL JULY SALE

THIRD WEEK.

Owing to the cool weather we have too many summer goods. We take the loss now and give our customers the advantage.

BARGAINS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS DAILY

Waldorf Shirt Waists and Shirt Waist Suits.

ALL THIS SEASON'S GOODS. We reduce prices as follows:

Women's Colored Shirt Waists, $1.98 to $1.49
Women's Colored Shirt Waists, $1.49 to $1.19
Women's Colored Shirt Waists, $1.25 to 98c.
Women's Colored Shirt Waists, 98c. to 79c.
Women's Colored Shirt Waists, 50c. to 39c.
13 Women's Shirt Waist Suits, $2.98 to $2.00.
17 " " " " 3.98 to 2.49.
5 " " " " 1.98 to 1.49.
4 " " " " 6.50 to 4.00.
12 Women's ... Colored Shirt Waist Suits, were $2.98; your choice, $1.50.

Women's Separate Skirts.

C... PRICES ON EVERY ONE IN STOCK.

6 Skirts, were $1.50 to $1.98; your choice, 75c.
6 Skirts, were $4 and $4.50; your choice, $2.25.
4 Skirts, were $5; your choice, $3.50.
6 Skirts, were $7.50 and $8.50: your choice, $5.

Dress Goods.

Special prices will prevail on anything in the department. All remnants of Dress Goods at half prices.

Ribbons.

Our stock is the largest in town and includes all the desirable colors in Satin Taffetas, Taffetas, Moires and Lousaines. Black Velvet Ribbons in all widths and of the best quality. We offer a big lot of Satin and Gros Grain Ribbons in colors.

Widths, 9-12-16 at 9c. per yard.
Widths, 22-40 at 15c. per yard.

Corsets.

A large lot of Corsets, sizes 25 to 30, regular $1 quality. Your choice, 19c.

Carpets.

Lowell Ingrains, all wool, 52c. per yard. Granite Ingrains, always 25c., this sale, 20c.
10 pieces Grass Matting, yard wide and very desirable, reduced from 35c. to 25c.

Lace Curtains.

We will make special prices on anything in this line.

Men's Shirts.

We sell the celebrated Monarch Shirts. All the newest styles in Colored and White. Prices $1.00 and $1.50.
Men's Shirt Waists, prices $1.25 and $1.50.

Men's and Boys' Clothing.

If you want anything in this line our prices will please you.
Boys' Knee Pants, 50c. quality, this sale 39c.
Boys' Knee Pants, 25c. quality, this sale, 19c.

Grocery Department.

Granulated sugar 5c. per pound.
FLOUR—Crocker's Best or Graves & Mathers' Best Flour, reduced from $1.25 to $1.10 during this sale.
A Good Coffee at 10 cents per pound.
Collins' Buffalo Bread received daily, 5 cents per loaf. Try it.
50 dozen Brooms, No. 7, usual price 30c., this sale 23c.

THE RIALTO SHOE, FOR MEN.

Guaranteed the best Shoe in the world for $1.50.
30 pairs of Men's Boots, 6, 7, 8, your choice, $2.

GRAVES & MATHERS.

The Man Behind the Gun.

I have followed the discussion,
 Read the logic and the lore,
As to what's the proper rifle
 And what's the proper bore;
And I've come to the conclusion
 After all is said and done,
There's a mighty lot depending
 On the man behind the gun.

Better use a gun that fits you,
 Though its calibre be small,
Than a mammoth mouthed old cannon
 That you cannot shoot at all.
You can't kill game when you miss it,
 Though your bullet weigh a ton.
Just remember there is something
 In the man behind the gun.

Be it twenty-five or thirty,
 Or up to the largest size,
If the shooting stick is perfect,
 'Tisn't there the secret lies.
Let him have what bore he chooses,
 But before I bet my mon',
I would know the shooting metal
 In the man behind the gun.

When you're suffering with buck fever,
 Or your nerves are on a "tear;"
Your eyes are out of order
 And don't catch the notches fair;
You can miss your game dead easy,
 And of course it mars your fun,
But don't lay it to your weapon;
 Its the man behind the gun.

So let them scrap and wrangle,
 I'll not enter in their fight;
For I've come to the conclusion,
 Which I'm sure is nearly right,
Though the calibre's the largest,
 Or the smallest 'neath the sun,
There's a mighty lot depending
 On the man behind the gun.

WE SELL ALL KINDS OF

Guns and Ammunition,

FISHING TACKLE, SPORTING GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, BICYCLES AND SUNDRIES.

Also Do Bicycle Repairing.

AGENTS FOR HICKEY'S STEAM LAUNDRY.

CHAMPAIGN & SON,

72 MAIN STREET, WELLSBORO, PA.

Bakery for Sale.

THE ROBERTS BAKERY and RESTAURANT in the Watrous block, an old established place of business, is offered for ... on reasonable terms. The proprietor ... to engage in other business. For ... on or address, ... B. ROB... June 26, 19...

Dr. A... NILES, ...We... Pa.

OFFICE in Conv... part of the coun... perform any surgical ... consultation or to... tention given to disea... ation. Special at... dren and abdominal ... women and chil... —Feb. 18, 1900. ...ery of both sexes.

Excursions to Watkins Glen.

Beginning next Sunday and continuing until the last of October, the New York Central will sell excursion ticket every Sunday at rates averaging less than a cent a mile. Train leaves Wellsboro 9:30 a. m., rate, $1.10; Tioga, 10:17 a. m., fare, 95c.; Ulysses, 8:45 a. m., rate, $1.3...; Westfield, 9:22 a. m., rate, $1.1...; Knoxville, 9:3... a. m., rate, $1.05; Elkland 9:... a. m., rate, $1.00; Lawrenceville, ... a. m., rate, 9... Proportionate rates from other points. Over six hours at Watkins Glen. For tickets, time tables and detailed information, apply to New York Central agents. June 17 ...

The Gazette.

WELLSBORO, PA.

THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1902.

FRANK CONEVERY, - - Editor and Proprietor

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR,
ROBERT E. PATTISON,
of Philadelphia.

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,
GEORGE W. GUTHRIE,
of Pittsburg.

FOR SECRETARY OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS,
JAMES NOLAN,
of Berks county.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE,
O. H. DAVIS.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER,
S[illegible] PUTNAM

FOR COUNTY AUDITOR,
HUGH L. KERWIN.

FOR PROTHONOTARY,
HARRY D. WHEELER.

FOR REGISTER AND RECORDER,
L. A. TROWBRIDGE.

Local and Long Distance Telephone Connection.

THE President has issued a proclamation announcing to the world the postponement until April 30, 1904, of the opening of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

"CROPS may be short in some sections of the country, but that fact seems to have no weight with the plow-trust," says the Gettysburg *Compiler*. "It still wants the farmer to sweat out bigger dividends for the watered stock of the tariff protected trust. The combine recently decided to make another advance of 10 per cent. in the price of plows and plow repairs for the coming year. American-made plows, however, will be shipped abroad and sold to foreigners at a lower price than they are to the farmers of this country."

IN a letter to the chief officer of poor United States Geological Survey, Colonel H. C. Demming, of Harrisburg, an observer for the department, claims that the ground on which Harrisburg is located was lifted seven feet by the Mt. Pelee eruption, and that other sections of the State have shown evidences of an upheaval. He concludes the letter with the suggestion that the upheaval may have caused crevices to be formed in the mines, and that through one of these crevices firedamp entered the mine at Johnstown, causing the terrible disaster last week.

IN this State in the last twenty years upward of twenty thousand lives have been lost in mining operations, and there have been probably twice that number of persons injured or maimed for live. J. B. Corey, one of the oldest coal producers of the Pittsburg district, says that the terrible disaster at Johnstown last week "is one of the legitimate results of State and National paternalism that seems to have taken so strong a hold on a large part of the people, and by which a lot of drones, parasites and heelers of pot-house politicians have fastened themselves upon all the various trades by which the people earn their living."

ASKED a few days ago as to his campaign plans, Robert E. Pattison said that he would start on a speaking tour through the State about September 8, and will continue without cessation from that time until the day of election. Mr. Pattison is a tireless and effective campaign worker. In 1882, when he was first elected Governor, he traveled 1,400 miles in two weeks, and discussed the issues of the contest in forty counties. In 1890, when he was again elected, he made a similar canvass of the State. Democratic and independent workers should follow the excellent example of the gubernatorial nominee, and labor systematically and tirelessly until the evening of election day for the restoration of lawful and honest government in Pennsylvania.

WHAT can be accomplished by mere publicity can be judged by the example of the Steel Trust which has voluntarily made its affairs public and which unblushingly points to aggregate profits of $64,000,000 during the past six months. According to Representative Babcock, chairman of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee, the Steel Trust is now taking out of the pockets of the people of the United States from $20,000,000 to $30,000,000 more than it is entitled to, annually; and it does this by virtue of the monopoly secured to it by the tariff of 45 per cent. on its products; but, it is announced, Mr. Roosevelt does not anticipate "injuring the trusts by any reduction of the tariff" but will simply advocate legislation which will insure publicity of their affairs.

THE Pittsburg *Post* says that the publication of the story that Major Isaac H. Brown, Republican candidate for Secretary of Internal Affairs, tried to "do" a man in Potter county out of a large tract of land, on the ground that a patent for it had never been issued by the State, will not help Brown any. He took advantage of his position in the Internal Affairs Department, and he makes a lame explanation, if any. It is singular that this story was not sprung before Brown was nominated. Four years ago it was [illegible] by Quay to defeat him for the nomination for Secretary of Internal Affairs. Brown was a candidate for the nomination and Quay didn't want him in the [illegible] of the Auditor General's Department quickly show the delegates what Judge Williams, the sturdy old Tioga member of the Supreme Court, had to say of Brown's grab game, and Brown did not come within a mile of the nomination. The wonder is that Quay let it go through this year.

THE Philadelphia *Ledger* says: "There is trouble brewing for Senator Quay as State Chairman and the Republican party in the State. Governor Stone threatens to take the stump this fall in defence of his Administration, which must necessarily include a defence of the last Legislature. The Harrisburg correspondent of the *Ledger* says: 'The Governor feels that he has been greatly misrepresented, and that, face to face with the people, he may take his own part in a way that he has never done before.' It is very doubtful that Senator Quay will approve of the Governor meeting the people 'face to face' to 'take his own part' in this campaign. If there is anything the party managers in the State want the people to forget it is the last Legislature and the Stone Administration, and it would be most distressing to State Chairman Quay to have the Governor reopen these wounds, which have been carefully bandaged up, with the hope that they would remain hidden from the public gaze until after the November election."

READ, THINK AND REMEMBER.

Since the publication of Major Merrick's scathing arraignment of Senator Quay's notorious record in our last issue, we have been requested by a subscriber to print Judge Pennypacker's celebrated magazine eulogy on Mr. Quay. We are unable to publish the article complete but give below some extracts from the writings of the Republican candidate for Governor:

"Little inquiry is needed to ascertain why men in Pennsylvania are attached to Mr. Quay and proud of his accomplishments. It is not for me to express an opinion concerning his political methods or principles."

"He fails in no duty and is never beaten."

"The capacity shown by Mr. Quay for the organization and direction of men in masses in the important field of statecraft, with a view of the accomplishment of those ends for which human society is instituted, has rarely, if ever, been equaled in American politics, and approaches genius."

"The cavil which has followed him, the temporary effusion of unhappy inefficiency, is in its final analysis but further evidence of his real greatness."

"Pennsylvania has no ills that are worthy of mention."

"There has been some commotion in public affairs in Pennsylvania since 1895, but it is neither deep-seated nor important."

"Mr. Quay has a great source of strength in the fact through his ancestry and in his own life work he is thoroughly identified with the people of Pennsylvania."

"He is imbued with a sincere faith in the merits of their achievements, and, understanding their wishes and characters, he is able to fitly represent them." "* * * for the credit of the State of which he is the foremost representative."

A PATTISON INCIDENT.

Indicates What Manner of Man the Democratic Candidate for Governor Is.

(From the New York Tribune.)

Ex-Governor Pattison, the choice of Pennsylvania Democrats for Governor, is looked upon as the mascot of the party, the only man who can lead it to victory. He is a Democrat of the old school, and believes in economy with a vengeance. At the Harrisburg convention of 1890, the year in which Pattison was nominated and elected, it was determined to give him a fitting reception on his arrival in that city. He came in during a blinding rainstorm, and was met by the leader of the Dauphin county delegation with this greeting: "Governor, we have got a prize carriage waiting outside for you, drawn by a pair of blooded horses, dressed in the best gold-mounted harness in the State of Pennsylvania."

"Well, take them away just as quick as you can. It's too rich a thing for me to ride in or even look at. I'm going to walk up under a dollar umbrella; that's plenty good enough."

It is an incident that indicates in a nutshell what manner of man Pattison is, and it foretells the issue upon which he hopes to win the election.

PASTOR FIRES HOT SHOT.

Asks Americans to Take Oath to Turn the Rascals Out of Office.

A Harrisburg dispatch says that Rev. Charles M. Barnitz, pastor of the Curtin Heights Methodist Church, struck a responsive chord in a sermon last Sunday night to the Harrisburg camps of the Patriotic Order Sons of America, when he touched on machine politics in Pennsylvania.

Mr. Barnitz's sermon was on "The American Flag and Its Signification." During the course of his remarks he said: "Oh, how lovely is Pennsylvania politics. The stench of the late Republican convention hangs over this city like a horrible miasma. Tammanyism in New York, Quayism in Pennsylvania, Ashbridgeism in Philadelphia—the great triumvirate of political corruption and a horrible blot on the Declaration of Principles.

"It is about time Americans take an oath by their flag to turn the rascals out and free the ballot-box from the domination and debauchery of the saloon, the boodler and the low-down boss."

—The new federal oleo law which went into effect July 1st imposes a tax on oleomargarine of 10 cents per pound, or one-fourth of a cent if no coloring material is used; on adulterated butter, 10 cents a pound, and on process butter one-fourth of a cent a pound, to be paid by the manufacturers.

COUNTY AFFAIRS.

[illegible]ings of the Week.

—Lindley has a case of smallpox.

—Elkland has several cases of chicken-pox.

—The GAZETTE until after election for 25 cents.

—The Antrim mines continue working full time.

—The Knoxville grist mill will hereafter be conducted by Lugg Edgcomb.

—Many farmers use salt with success in destroying paint brush in their fields.

—D. W. Baldwin, Esq., of Westfield, has gone to Tennessee on a business trip.

—E. E. White, of Galeton, has moved to Mansfield, where he has purchased a residence.

—The Odd Fellows of Central Pennsylvania are talking of erecting a $10,000 home at Newberry.

—The Goodwin family will hold a reunion at the home of John Lester in Charleston on Aug. 15th.

—Harvey B. Smith, of Delmar, gathered over 80 pounds of honey from a this year's swarm of bees.

—R. B. Swartwood, of Blossburg, has enlisted at the navy recruiting station in Elmira as a hospital apprentice.

—It is said that the new barn which is being built in Delmar by Wm. B. Eberenz will be one of the largest in the county.

—A new brick block is to be built next to the Hotel Allen at Mansfield by Messrs. William Miller and Mortimer Shepard.

—R. W. Hammond, of Elkland, killed a rattlesnake a few days ago near that place which measured over five feet and had nine rattles.

—It is now expected that the new Methodist church at Knoxville will be completed and ready for dedication on Sunday, the 27th inst.

—J. S. Childs, of Nauvoo, has rented the store of I. E. Black, next door to the depot at Morris, and will conduct a grocery and restaurant.

—A stock company has organized a ball team at Mansfield and the season will be opened at that place to-day with a game with the Arnots.

—Mrs. Lewis Darling, of Lawrenceville, has a Crimson Rambler rose growing on her lawn that is 18 feet high, 12 feet broad, and has 6,400 blossoms.

—Larry's Creek, a small station on the Central, near Williamsport, is to have an important industry in the shape of big cement works. The plant is to cost $500,000.

Two men were captured in Sullivan county the other day with 50 trout under six inches in length in their baskets. They pleaded guilty and were fined $500 and the costs.

—The Beech Creek extension of the Pennsylvania system—29 miles in length—has been completed at a cost of $2,800,000, and is now connected with the Philadelphia & Erie.

—A farmer in a neighboring county hangs little, five cent mirors in his cherry trees, on strings six inches long. As the wind sways and twists them the flash scares away the birds.

—Two cows belonging to James Green, of Cowanesque, died last Sunday of what is thought be anthrax. There are several other cows in the place suffering with the same disease.

—Samuel Heron has sold his hardware store in Blossburg to W. R. Logan and will move to Fall Brook, his former home, where he will conduct a sawmill which is nearly completed.

—Milan Howe, of Knoxville, has been granted an increase of pension at the rate of $17 per month and Wallace Chase, of Altafts, has been allowed an increase at the rate of $12 per month.

—I. M. Edgcomb & Sons, of Knoxville, will erect a box factory adjoining their sash and blind factory. It is expected to have the plant in operation in about thirty days. It will give employment to about 20 men.

—The following method is said to be effective in stopping new shoes from squeaking: Take a small oil can and put a few drops of oil all around the shoe between the uppers and soles. This will be found to instantly stop the distressing noise shoes frequently make.

—Clarence E. Allen, eldest son of the late Prof. F. A. Allen, of Mansfield, was fatally injured by a gas explosion at Marion, Mass., last Thursday. He was 55 years of age and will be remembered by many in this county. The remains were taken to Mansfield on Monday for burial.

—The School Board of Mansfield has arranged to have pupils in the first six grades taught in the practice school of the Normal. This makes the school district employ but three teachers, where six were formerly required, and makes quite a handsome reduction in the expenses of the district.

—Messrs. A. W. Lugg and A. E. Edgcomb have bought the canning factory building and machinery of Kelts & Spencer at Knoxville, who have for the past year conducted a tobacco warehouse and feed mill. The same line of business will be carried on under the firm name of the Knoxville Tobacco Company.

—A. P. Perley, of Williamsport, has purchased the sawmill at Tiadaghton, formerly conducted by T. B. Field & Son, of Wellsboro. The mill is to be enlarged and equipped with gang saws. It will have a daily capacity of 100,000 feet. Mr. Perley has also purchased a large timber tract near Tiadaghton, which will insure several years sawing.

—Emanuel M. Metzger, of Williamsport, was killed in mid-air by electricity last Thursday morning while his wife looked on. Her husband had gone to the top of a telegraph pole to cut a wire. He took hold of a wire, and the shock knocked him down onto two other wires, where he became entangled, the current [illegible] his flesh. His wife's [illegible] men who took down the body.

—The [illegible] of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Field, a well-known and esteemed couple of Delmar, was celebrated at their home in that township on Monday. Their nine children and their families, together with other relatives, were present and the occasion was a very enjoyable one. The bride and groom of a half century were the recipients of several handsome and valuable presents.

—The farmers in some parts of the county are having their own trouble. The excessive wet weather has made it impossible for them to harvest their short hay crops and the wheat is over-ripe in many sections, while the fields are altogether too soft to use binders on them. Many of them being unable to secure help are in great despair, lest they lose what little hay and grain an unpropitious season has left them.

—What are known as the "dog days" began last Friday and will continue for six weeks. This season is regarded by many persons as more unhealthy than that which immediately precedes or succeeds it, and as being a time in which mankind are more liable to attacks from disease through exposure or imprudence in their general habits than in any other. If there is no foundation in fact for the belief it is a superstition of long standing.

—A camp of Sons of Veterans was mustered in at Westfield last Friday evening with 47 members. The following officers were elected: Captain, C. H. Bierley; First Lieutenant, L. R. George; Second Lieutenant, C. R. Pierce; First Sergeant, J. B. Ordway; Quartermaster Sergeant, Orrie Seamans; Chaplain, Rev. R. C. Grames; Sergeant of the Guard, B. B. Plank; Color Sergeant, A. E. Huyler; Principal Musician, O. A. Manning; Corporal of the Guard, William Rushmore; Camp Picket, B. L. Ordway and Norman Davy; Camp Council, W. H. Outman, W. L. Vosburg and S. T. Kizer. The camp is to be known as R. P. Babcock Camp, No. 258.

Personals From Keeneyville.

KEENEYVILLE, July 16.—George Kenyon, of Troy, is visiting relatives here.

Somner Baker and family, of Kane, are spending several days at the home of William Freeland.

Miss Emma Chase, of New York city, arrived here last week to spend her summer vacation.

Law suits are very numerous in this place at present.

Richard Palmer and family, of Cross Forks, are spending several days with his sister, Mrs. Chloe Greenfield, of this place.

A little girl arrived at the home of A. C. Close recently.

Dr. Harkness and family, of Mainesburg, spent several days here last week.

Judge Scored the Heirs.

When the account of a certain decedent came before Judge John B. Steel, in the orphans' court of Westmoreland county, for settlement, the other day, his Honor scored the heirs and beneficiaries for resisting the payment of a headstone for the decedent, as provided in the will, while they were eager to obtain the last penny of their legacies. Judge Steel, commenting on these objections, regarded them "as being rare on the part of children, but too frequently met with on the part of collaterals, whose greedy desire to get something on which they had no shadow or claim prior to the death of the decedent, leads them to grab for the last cent in sight, even though by so doing they should leave their gracious benefactors to rest as a beast on the field in an unmarked grave."

Excursion to Eldridge Park.

The New York Central will run a low rate excursion to Eldridge Park, Elmira, from stations north of and including Jersey Shore Junction next Sunday, July 20th. Train leaves Jersey Shore Junction at 7:53 a. m., rate $1.90; Wellsboro 9:35 a. m., rate $1.25; Tioga 10:16 a. m., rate 70c.; Ulysses 8:35 a. m., rate $1.50; Westfield 9:18 a. m., rate $1.10; Knoxville 9:34 a. m., rate $1; Elkland 9:52 a. m., rate 90c.; Lawrenceville 10:32 a. m., rate 50c. Train arrives at Elmira at 11:45 a. m. and leaves Elmira returning at 5:25 p. m.

Eldridge Park and Rorick's Glen, Elmira, have beautiful shaded grounds and include all the accessories of the modern summer resort parks. Trains land passengers at the entrance to Eldridge Park. Rorick's Glen is reached by trolley from the railroad station. Consult New York Central ticket agents for additional particulars.

T. A. D. I. H. S'

ANTI-NERVOUS SHOE.

TREADEASY.

Don't be fooled into buying a worthless substitute, with an imitation welt and cheap rubber half heel, but for the same price get our "TREADEASY," full rubber heels, genuine welt and cushion sole. No jar, no noise, damp proof.

SMITH & STONE

Headquarters for Fine Footwear.

WHY MEN GROW WEAK

Dr. Greene's Nervura Makes Men Healthy, Strong, Vigorous, Powerful.

'Tis indeed the pace which kills. It is not work which injures, it is overwork, worry, confinement, over-taxing the strength, strain upon nerve and body, dissipation or spring debility, which breaks down the health, weakens the nerves, exhausts the body. You become weak, nervous, restless, or fretful; have dizziness, bad-feeling head and unsteady and trembling nerves, strange sensations, a feeling of anxiety, gloom, and discouragement; you are sleepless, and wake tired and unrefreshed; appetite and digestion fail, and you have kidney and liver complaint, constipation, rheumatism—and finally nervous prostration, heart failure, paralysis, insanity—death.

Now, what is the remedy? Obviously something which will rebuild the shattered nerves, restore tone and vitality to the blood, brain, and nerves, and strengthen and invigorate all the organs of the body. There is nothing else known which will so completely and perfectly do this as Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, that grandest of medicines, which is restoring the health of the people, recognized at the present day as the master remedy of the world.

The well-known druggist, Charles W. Eggleston, Esq., 329 Park Ave., Worcester, Mass., says:

"Some time ago I was taken with nervous prostration. I suffered terribly with my nerves and could get no sleep at all. I became fearfully exhausted, my stomach was in a terrible condition from dyspepsia, and I could eat hardly anything.

"I used several medicines, but without benefit. Being in the drug business myself, and having had many customers speak in the highest terms of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, I determined to try it. After taking only one-half bottle I began to feel much better. I slept soundly all night, and my appetite was splendid. After taking three bottles, I ate three square meals a day and had not the slightest distress. My nerves were perfectly strong, and I felt like a new man, being completely cured of all my troubles. Out of the respect I bear the manufacturers of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and my desire to have the sick and suffering made well and strong, I heartily recommend it to people who are sick, and especially to people who are the same as I was, nervous and inclined toward dyspepsia and indigestion, and suffering from not being able to sleep well at night."

Especially do men grow weak in spring from the change of season, and every one needs a spring medicine and should take this best of spring remedies, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. It is not a patent medicine, but the prescription of a famous physician, and is therefore exactly adapted to cure. It has standing behind it the most famous and successful specialist in curing nervous, chronic, or lingering diseases, Dr. Greene, 101 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and an added value and assurance of cure is given to this wonderful remedy because the Doctor can be consulted, without charge, about your case, personally or by writing to him.

Rochester Business Institute

Qualifies a man to go into business for himself; qualifies young men and women to accept and helps them secure BUSINESS POSITIONS that lead to BUSINESS SUCCESS. Commercial and Shorthand courses. Several positions waiting for every competent young man stenographer. Inquiries solicited. Catalogue sent free. 144 SOUTH AVENUE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE MODEL DRY GOODS HOUSE

WILL COMMENCE A SALE ON

SATURDAY, JULY 26th

Lasting two weeks, ending Saturday, August 9th, of strictly up-to-date merchandise.

This sale will be different from other sales in town, inasmuch as we are not trying to get rid of a lot of old goods which have been carried over year after year. Our goods, as you know, were all bought this spring.

The policy of this store is not to carry over stock year after year, but to show nothing but new goods every season.

Summer Dress Goods.

Batiste and Lawn were 10c., this sale, 8c.
Batiste, Lawn and Mull, were 15c., this sale, 11c.
A beautiful line of Dress Goods, were 25c., this sale, 18c.

Colored Shirt Waists.

All 40c.	Waists,	this sale,	31c.
All 50c.	"	"	39c.
All 75c.	"	"	63c.
All 85c.	"	"	68c.
All $1.00	"	"	79c.
All $1.19 and $1.25	"	"	98c.

This means a reduction of from 20 to 25 per cent.

Black Mercerized Petticoats.

Our celebrated $1.00 Skirt, this sale, 90c.
All others at a reduction of 10 per cent.

Percales.

Yard wide Percale, was 12½c., this sale, 11c.

Children's Gingham Dresses.

Dresses that were $1.00, this sale, 79c.
Dresses that were $1.19 and $1.25, this sale, 98.
Sizes, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.

Shoes.

We have a few Walking Shoes and Slippers to close at 75c.

Also a job lot of Shoes at 98c., worth from $1.50 to $3.00.

All other goods in this store, including Carpets, Oil Cloths, Lace Curtains, Draperies, Suits, Raglans, Capes, Jackets, a full line of W. B. Corsets, and in fact everything that goes to make up a first-class stock of Dry Goods, (that is not specially priced) will be subject to a 10 per cent. discount.

Remember, this is a genuine, honest sale. Everything will be sold strictly as advertised.

F. C. WHITNEY, *Manager.*

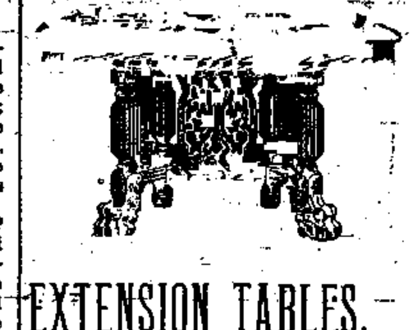
FINKELSTEIN BROS., Prop'rs.

NEXT DOOR TO THE STAR CLOTHING HOUSE, WELLSBORO, PA.

The Gazette and the Thrice-a-Week World, ONLY $2.00 PER YEAR CASH, IN ADVANCE.

GRAND DISPLAY OF

DINING ROOM FURNITURE



EXTENSION TABLES.

Round or square tops, 6 feet to 12 feet. Oak or mahogany finish. We bought heavily and carefully before the advance, with a judgment that will save money to our patrons.

DINING CHAIRS.

The largest and handsomest stock to select from we have ever shown. Cane and leather seats.

CHINA CLOSETS

In all the newest designs, including the handsome corner closets, also square with swell fronts.

J. W. ROE,

KEENEYVILLE, PA.

Sheriff's Sales.

BY VIRTUE of writs of venditioni exponas and levari facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas and Orphan's Court of Tioga county, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose to public sale at the Court House in Wellsboro, Pa., on MONDAY, JULY 28, 1902, at 1 o'clock p. m., the following described property in Tioga county, Pa.:

1. A lot of land in Wellsboro; beginning at a post at the intersection of Queen and Sherwood streets; thence along the easterly line of Sherwood street about 195 feet to line of land Daniel Deisher; thence east along land of Daniel Deisher 205 feet to the center of Kelsey creek; thence south along said creek 198 feet to Queen street; thence in a westerly direction along Queen street about 230 feet to the place of beginning; containing more or less, all improved, on which is situated a frame building, formerly occupied as a sawmill and a frame building, formerly occupied as a planing mill; same land deeded to R. W. Borden by S. A. Hitbold and wife by deed dated September 19, 1899, recorded in Deed Book No. 114, page 29. To be sold as the property of R. W. Borden, suit of Emma Scott.

2. ALSO—A lot of land in Jackson township; bounded on the north by the public highway, on the east by lands of Arnell Jackson, on the south by Main street, and on the west by lands of Thomas Dunn; containing one acre, more or less, all improved, with fruit and ornamental trees thereon. Being the same lot of land claimed by W. W. Jackson and by him reserved in deed from W. W. Jackson and Asa Jackson and their wives to Giles Bly, dated March 19, 18[illegible], same being recorded in Tioga county, Pa., in Deed Book No. 95, at page 173. To be sold as the property of W. W. Jackson, suit of J. H. Miller.

3. ALSO—A lot of land in Tioga borough; bounded north by Berry street, east by lands of the estate of E. M. Smith, south by lands of Mrs. Eliza Sunderlin, and west by lands of the estate of E. M. Smith, deceased. It being a lot 50 feet wide in front and known and designated as lot No. 3 of said E. M. Smith lots on Berry street in said borough, having thereon a two-story frame dwelling house and outbuildings. To be sold as the property of Ruth Beers, Schuyler Beers and Ellen M. Decker, suit of the Elmira Mutual Building Loan Association.

4. ALSO—A lot of land in the borough of Osceola; beginning at a post on the north side of the Cowanesque river about 10 perches east of the Tubbs grist mill; thence north 71 degrees west, 10.5 perches to a post in the line of the farm formerly owned by Robert Tubbs and lands of the estate of the late Samuel G. Barker, deceased, thence along said line northerly 35¼ perches to the southeast corner of lands now owned by George Barker and sisters, 12 perches and 20 links to a post, thence southerly by lands of said G. Barker and sisters 14 perches and 13 links to a post, thence south 80 degrees, west 14 perches and 20 links to a post; thence south 12 perches to a post, thence west 12 perches to a post, thence north 72 degrees, west 45 perches and 13 links to an elm stub; thence south 62 degrees, west 8 perches to a post on the north bank of the Cowanesque river above the mill dam, thence south 5 degrees, east 14 perches to a buttonwood tree on the south bank of the Cowanesque river, thence south 28 degrees, east 42 perches to a post near the foot of the South hill, thence north 61 degrees, east 76 perches to a post, place of beginning; containing about 15 acres of land, be the same more or less, it being the same land deeded by Lucian B. Cadugan and wife to John H. Flanders by deed dated February 1, 1900, and recorded in the Recorder's office for Tioga county in Record book No. 113, page 498, improved with a frame grist mill, saw mill, three frame dwelling houses and other outbuildings, fruit and ornamental trees and well watered. To be sold as the property of Mrs. Annie E. Flanders and John S. Ryon, Executors of John H. Flanders, deceased, suit of L. O. Cadugan, use of Tocker Seely, use of J. M. Kent.

FRANK VAN DUSEN,
Sheriff.

June 26, 1902-3t.

L. A. GARDNER & CO.'S

INSURANCE AGENCY,

WELLSBORO, PA.

Representing the following companies:

Imperial, of London, Hartford, A[illegible], Central, Springfield, Citizens, Nath[illegible], of Hartford, Northern Assurance, Fidelity and Casualty.

Fires are inevitable! Accidents will happen. Don't fail to insure. L. A. GARDNER & CO.

AN ADVERTISEMENT FITLY ARRANGED ALWAYS ATTRACTS ATTENTION.

Try it in this paper and see.

SUBSCRIBE for the WELLSBORO GAZETTE. Only $1.00 a year when paid in advance.

The World's Diamonds.

Early the entire diamond trade of world is controlled by the De Beers npany, and the London syndicate elves almost all their output. Deal- all over the globe are compelled on i account to come to London for the gh stones. Most of these have to [illegible] gh brokers, who sometime resent a good many houses. Amer- with its many millionaires, uses ut two-thirds of the total diamond duct of the world, and the Amer- ns are very particular as to the ility of the stones they buy.

The Most Ancient of Crowns.

mong the crowns preserving the iest form more than any others worn is the so-called iron crown Lombardy, which is the most treas- d National possession of the Italian gdom. It is of golden "plaques" or iels rather longer than they are h, but small in size, so as not to e above the top of the head. They m, indeed, only a jointed band of laged, embossed relief-work, and e narrow wire of iron binds them ether in the inside—this wire having repute of being hammered out from e of the [illegible]s of our Saviour's cross. was th[illegible]rgement of these panels other crowns which led to the cross- nd or "closure" of the crown. Look the German crown and the Aus- an, both adaptations of that of the Emperors of the "Holy Roman Em- e." The "arch of empire" became e result in the crown of the necessity fastening panels for protection for e h[illegible]om any stroke from above ly [illegible]ar.—Leslie's Monthly.

Stunts of a Convict Genius.

E. Wyckoff, of Chillicothe, Mo., applying to Governor Nash for a rdon for George Hon, a convict from ams County serving a ten-years' itence for the forgery for twenty- e cents' worth of tobacco. Hon was e first prisoner confined in the new est Union jail. The contractors of- red a prize of $100 to any prisoner no would escape from the cells. It as but twenty-four hours before Hon as at liberty. The Sheriff put two odhounds on his track. Hon stole logs and sold them to a farmer for [illegible] Manchester he stole the lap- [illegible]d cushion from the buggy of e Sheriff. He reached Wisconsin, as recaptured and brought back for ial.

The contractors refused to pay the 00 [illegible]on on the ground that he had en [illegible]d by some one on the outside. e[illegible]ployed an attorney and brought it but lost his case.—Cleveland Plain ealer.

Prussian Railway System.

The Prussian railway system is the operty of the State; it has been slow- developed from small beginnings to an organization which pays above s operating expenses not only the en re interest on the Prussian debt, but rns an annual surplus of many mil- ons into the public treasury. That e rates for freight and first class pas- nger fares are very high—so high, in- eed, that the former constitute a eavy handicap on agriculture and any inland industries—is unquestion- ble. German miners and manufac- rers look with envious surprise upon e economies of railway freight in merica, and their main hope for the iture is in the extension and improve- ent of the inland river and canal stem, which is advocated by the perial government.

Cologne, a city of 384,000 inhabitants, as three municipal bath-houses. The aily number of bathers in 1196. The rice of a bath varies from two cents twenty-eight cents.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

ne size smaller after using Allen's Foot- ase, a powder for the feet. It makes tight new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweat- g, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and nions. At all druggists and shoe stores, c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address llen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

More aluminium than ever is being used r the caps of fruit jars for all classes of oods.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervous- ess after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great erve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free r. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A man never forgets how good he is to thers.

J. F. Parker, Fredonia, N. Y., says: "Shall ot call on you for the $100 reward, for I be- eve Hall's Catarrh Cure will cure any case f catarrh. Was very bad." Write him for articulars. Sold by Druggists. 75c.

When a fellow has no bank account to raw on it doesn't do him much good to raw on his imagination.

Your Hair

"Two years ago my hair was falling out badly. I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor, and soon my hair stopped coming out."
Miss Minnie Hoover, Paris, Ill.

Perhaps your mother had thin hair, but that is no reason why you must go through life with half-starved hair. If you want long, thick hair, feed it with Ayer's Hair Vigor, and make it rich, dark, and heavy.

$1.00 a [illegible] All [illegible]

If your druggist cannot supply you, [illegible] us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Cross?

Poor man! He can't help it. It's his liver. He needs a liver pill. Ayer's Pills.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use

Buckingham's Dye

[illegible]

SCENES IN THE DEAD CITY OF ST. PIERRE.

BY WILLIAM MASON.

WHEN we landed at Fort de France, just two weeks after the fearful catastrophe which in one blow laid low the most prosperous city, not only of Martinique, but in all the Lesser Antilles, it was difficult to realize that only sixteen miles away lay the world's greatest picture of ruin and death.

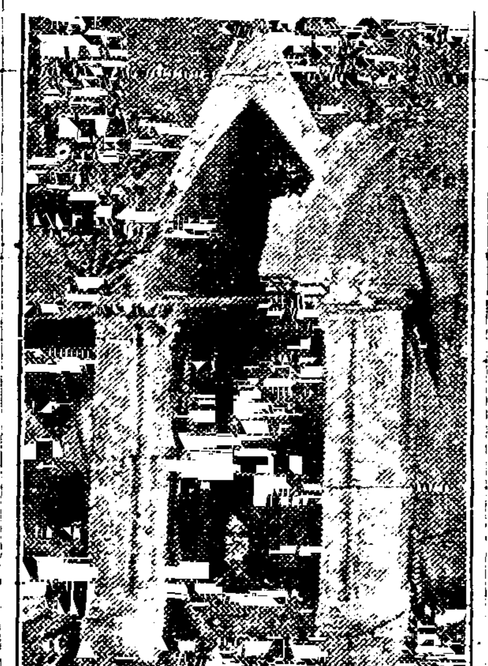
Between Fort de France and the spot where once was St. Pierre the

THE DISMANTLED CATHEDRAL BELL.

land comes down to the sea in alternating scallops and tiny valleys. Hiding from the people of Fort de France the monster head of Mt. Pelee, the two-headed Carbet rears its giant form over 3000 feet above the level of the ocean. In some ages of the past the mud flowing down Carbet's peaks formed the scallops which now end abruptly with the ocean. Dotted here and there between these mud banks covered with delightful verdure are red-tiled houses surrounded by waving fields of sugar cane. On the topmost point of each ridge there now stands a huge cross as a guard from the fury of Mt. Pelee. But even so, none but a few of the most hardy have remained in their homes outside of Fort de France since the day of the destructive eruption of Pelee—that mountain which was once the pride of the citizens of Martinique.

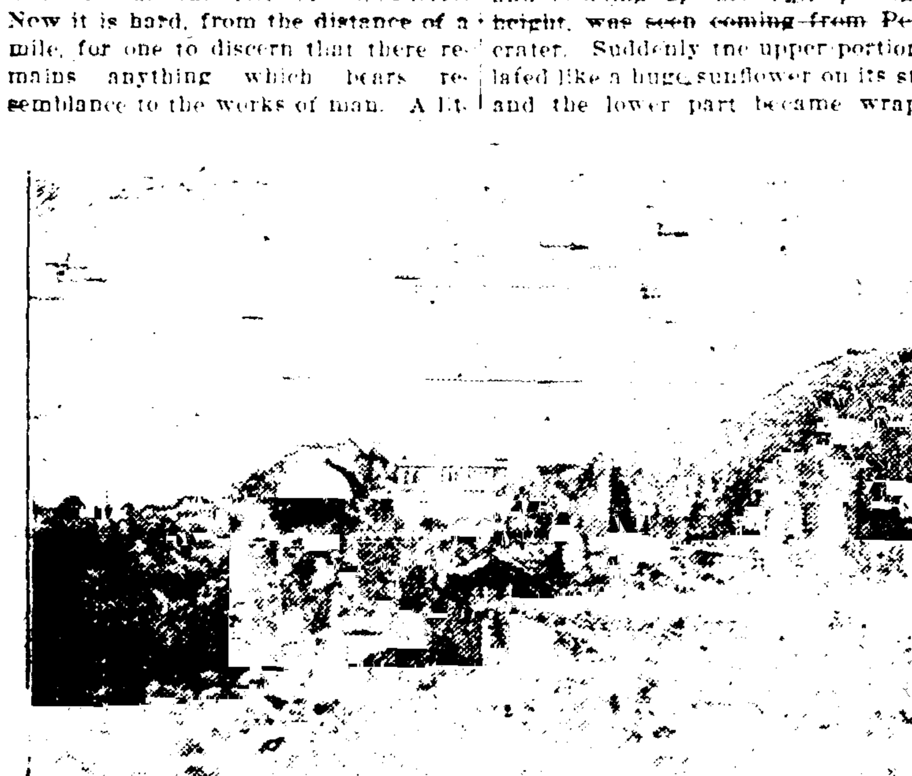
Two little towns are situated on the shore between Fort de France and the line of death which marks the termination southward of the zone of influence of Mt. Pelee. First is Case Navire, and then, a little further up, is Case Pilote.

Only a little further along the coast and St. Pierre is before us. Now the mountain in all its terrifying glory is clearly visible, only a short distance ahead. For over 4000 feet it rises



A SHATTERED TOMB AT ST. PIERRE.

from the sea and throws forth for many thousand feet higher massive clouds of now white and now black smoke and vapor. It seems as if some giant hand, controlled by a supernatural power, has, with one scoop, dug out near the mountain's base an immense hole with an opening only toward the sea and Mt. Pelee. In this hole there once thrived one of the most prosperous cities in all the West Indies—it was the site of St. Pierre. Now it is hard, from the distance of a mile, for one to discern that there remains anything which bears resemblance to the works of man. A little nearer in the [illegible]

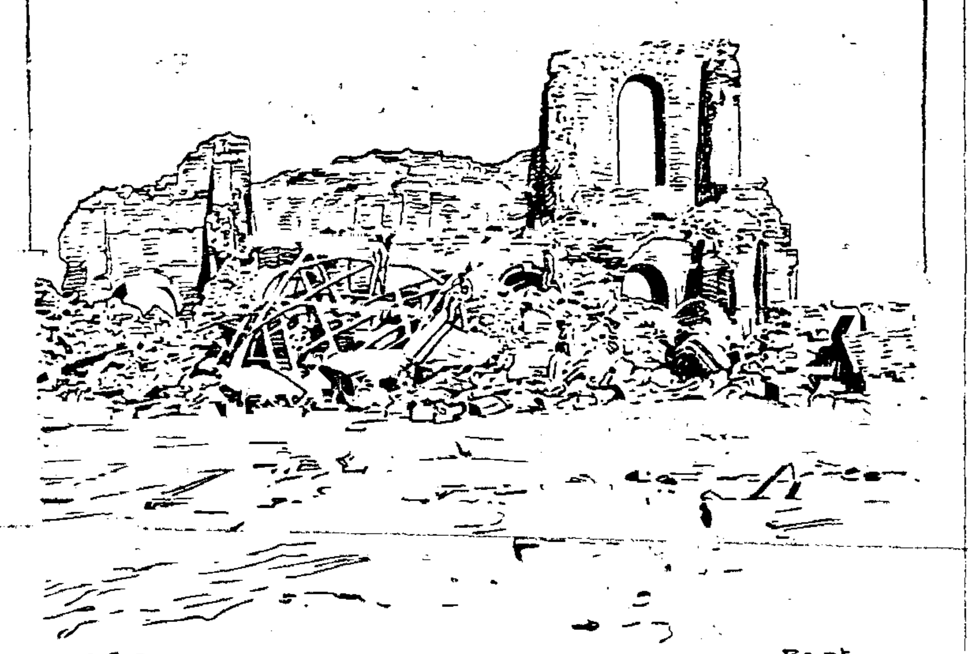


A ST. PIERRE STREET, LOOKING TOWARD THE CATHEDRAL.

the place where the city had once been and the works of nature lie the rear toward the mountain.

But let us enter the town. It hardly seems possible to tell in which direction and where the streets had formerly run. Houses were toppled in and scattered themselves to such an extent that it appeared as if the same giant hand which had once formed the site for St. Pierre had now swept itself over the entire city, knocking down buildings with the ease that ten pins fall when struck by the rolling ball. There must have been a wind with the fury of a terrible cyclone, for iron bars as large as a man's wrist were bent and twisted and huge trees have been literally torn from the earth and cast in every direction. Where there were no ruins to be seen it was due to the fact that they had been buried far below the rivers of mud which had flowed down Pelee's side through this natural gateway into the city. But most surprising of all, there was no lava.

Looking to the north, to the east



Bart.

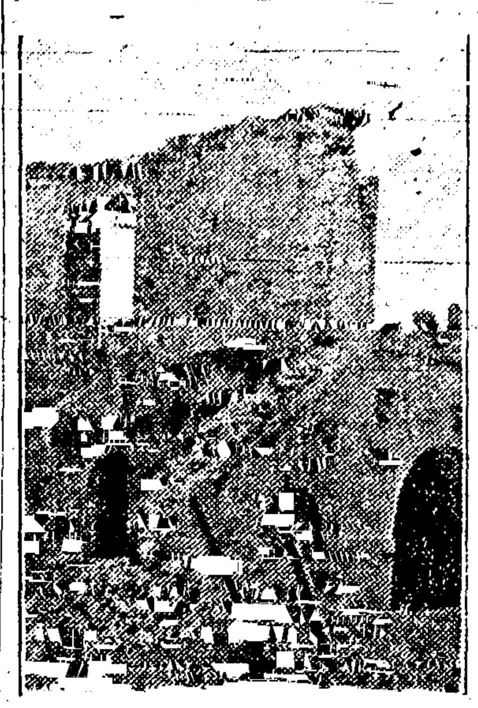
REAR OF THE CATHEDRAL IN WHICH WAS THE ALTAR.

and to the south there was one continued stretch of desolate ruin. At no place in the city was there to be seen a house with a roof, and, indeed, there was not one house with walls higher than what had been its first story. Dust and ashes were piled high against the sides of these flattened walls, and huge rocks—some from the volcano and some which had formed parts of buildings—had been thrown here, there and everywhere. And in and among this monotony of wreck and ruin were the decomposing bodies of the former people of St. Pierre.

How did this city meet its doom? How was it possible that in less than five minutes St. Pierre was changed from a place of life, joy and happiness to this desolation? From an eye-witness—a priest—who lived about five kilometers inland from St. Pierre and partly around the mountain just outside of the blast of Pelee's breath, we obtained what is probably the best description of the destruction of the city that has yet been given.

At about half past 7 in the morning of May 8th a dense black mass of smoke rising rapidly, rolling, twirling and twisting upward to a prodigious height, was seen coming from Pelee's crater. Suddenly the upper portion dilated like a huge sunflower on its stalk, and the lower part became wrapped in a snow-white wreath of vapor, [illegible] which encircled the [illegible] and then [illegible] alternating [illegible] and appeared as [illegible] black cloud and silvery masses

Through the pitchy awning above lightning played incessantly and below on the side of the mountain monster jets started upward until the whole

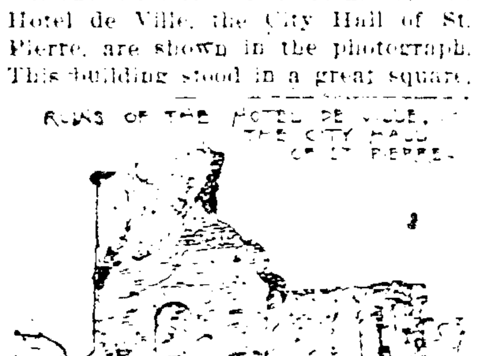


RUINED MANSION OF A WEALTHY RESIDENT OF ST. PIERRE.

mountain appeared to be a submerged, smoking, burning mass. There was a blinding flash, and it appeared as if some keen-edged knife had cut the stalk of the flower, and with a loud report, like the guns of the navies of the world simultaneously exploding, the black cloud swept down the mountain upon the little city. Lightning flashed and crackled, and the surrounding world became as dark as the darkest night. As the cloud reached the city there was another blinding flash and a loud report, and from north to south St. Pierre burst into flames. The only fire from the volcano was that of lightning. Flames do not come from the crater.

Only a short distance from where the quays of St. Pierre were formerly situated stands the ruins of the beautiful cathedral. Only a small section of the front and rear walls are now standing, and between them are huge stones—the wreckage of the towers, the immense bell and the broken and desolated altar. The flow of mud has buried nearly everything. Here, in this wreckage, were found many bodies, and it is very probable that at the time of the eruption the church was filled with people praying to the Almighty for deliverance from the volcano. These people, be it known, had been given not less than twelve days' warning of the subsequent catastrophe. The first eruption, on May 8th, left standing a large part of the cathedral, but the second eruption, on May 20th, left it in the condition shown by the photograph. Formerly, standing upon the apex of the roof between the towers of the cathedral, there was a large metal figure of the Christ. When the hot blast burned itself across the city the Christ fell, and is now buried many feet below the debris.

The principal street of St. Pierre was called Rue Victor Hugo. It is now very difficult to determine just where this street ran. What had once been shops, banks and opera house and a city hall was now but a gray waste, on which dust and ashes had drifted in large piles covering heaps of stones that had formerly been reared in magnificent edifices. The ruins of the Hotel de Ville, the City Hall of St. Pierre, are shown in the photograph. This building stood in a great square,



where once had also been fountains, gardens and statues.

In what was known as the central section of the city there is perhaps slightly less devastation than anywhere else. But even there it is next to impossible to distinguish one house from another. In one of the ruins, however, I found a little crevice filled with clay pipes, not one of which had been broken in all of this ruin. Walls had tumbled and toppled around them, and the blasts of superheated gases had killed and destroyed all life for miles around, and yet these little fragile pipes had remained intact. In another place we found a nest of chinaware, with only a few pieces cracked by the intense heat. Here, also, immense rocks had fallen, but in such a way as to protect the ware.

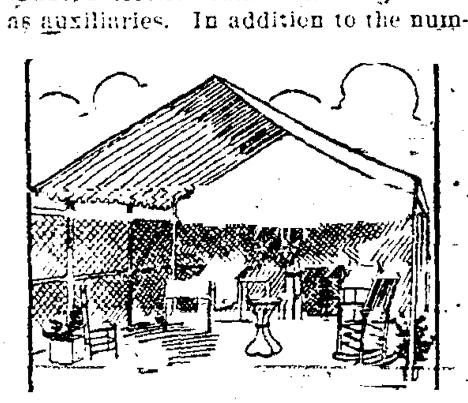
Walking over and along where once was the Rue Victor Hugo down into Anse one is most forcibly reminded of Lord Lytton's last days of Pompeii. There where these smoldering ruins are now seen once stood the palatial residence of [illegible]. A little beyond had lived Clodius and down this street had fled Glaucus, bearing in his arms the beautiful form of his beloved Ione. But from St. Pierre no human soul escaped, and the novelist of the future, who attempts to narrate and describe the horrors which befell St. Pierre on that fateful morning of May 8th, must, if he be truthful, bring a far different ending to his book than Lord Lytton gives to his famous work. The silent evidences given by the dead bodies scattered throughout the ruined city show conclusively that some of the people, at least, saw the whirlwind of black cloud, flashing lightning, burning gases and boiling mud coming toward St. Pierre from the burning hole on the summit of Pelee, but not one escaped.—New York Independent.

BOSTON'S AERIAL CAMP

A Unique Hospital For Sufferers by Heat Prostration.

A "roof garden" for the treatment of heat prostration cases is the latest addition to the equipment of the Boston City Hospital Relief Station, says the Boston Herald. The flat top of the building has been closed by a raised platform, inclosed by a wovenwire iron fence, and from iron stanchions erected at convenient points awnings have been stretched. When the work is completed the roof will have the appearance of a camp of four or five tents.

Each tent is equipped with two cots, and supplied with tables, chairs, etc., as well as adorned by plants and ferns. The sides of the tents are not placed in position in fair weather, in order that the patient may receive the full benefit of the circulation of air, and when this circulation is not naturally induced electric fans will be operated as auxiliaries. In addition to the num-



BOSTON AERIAL HOSPITAL.

ber of bath rooms especially provided in the body of the building for the treatment of heat cases, a portable bath tub will be installed on the roof.

A Japanese Housemaid.

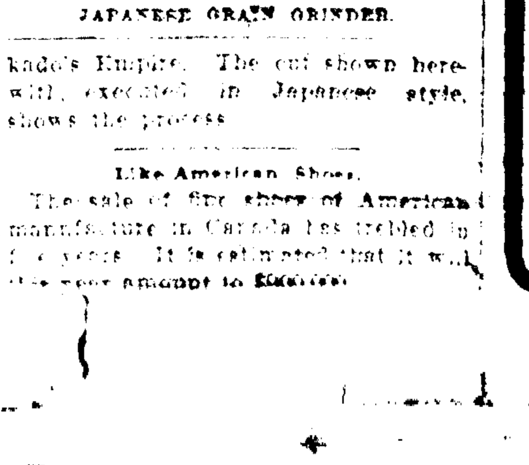
Japanese women servants have the reputation of being the most aristocratic looking and haughty menials in existence. Some idea of the prettiness and daintiness of their dress may be obtained from the accompanying picture, which shows a typical "servant girl" of the land of the chrysanthemum about to set off for her morning's marketing. These dainty little creatures are the most thrifty of workers, and the best of housekeepers and cooks, and if it were possible to induce a few thousand of them to immigrate to America a solution of the ever existing "servant girl problem" might speedily be found.

A New Field For Young Men.

There appears to be a new field opening up for ambitious young men. It is the field of scientific forestry, one of the most important matters of the day. The young forester has prospects of a salary that equals that of the average college professor. To men of mental and physical vigor who delight in nature and outdoor life, this would seem to be a congenial and lucrative occupation. In forested States the abandoned stump lands need scientific attention. Success.

Grinding Grain in Japan.

Japan and the Japanese are progressive, but hand labor is so cheap that progress in some directions will be necessarily slow. There are now hundreds of water, steam and electric power establishments in Japan, but the hand mill is still exclusively used all over the agricultural districts of the Mikado's Empire. The cut shown herewith, executed in Japanese style, shows the process.



JAPANESE GRAIN GRINDER.

Like American Shoes.

The sale of fine shoes of American manufacture in Canada has trebled in five years. It is estimated that it will [illegible] amount to $[illegible]

Oldest Greek Papyrus.

An important Greek papyrus has been discovered by the German Oriental Society at Abusir, near Sakkara, in Egypt. It contains the dithyramb on the Persian wars, by Timotheos of Miletus, a poet who lived about 400 B. C., whose name only had been preserved. The poem is long, and it is the first specimen of that kind of poetry that has come to light. The manuscript itself is the oldest of all Greek papyri known, and belongs probably to the fourth century before Christ.—New York Tribune.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

The fellow who borrows fifty cents is content to do things by halves.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, soften the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

A man may know his own mind and not know very much at that.

KIDNEY TROUBLES.

Mrs. Louise M. Gibson Says That This Fatal Disease is Easily Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I felt very discouraged two years ago, I had suffered so long with kidney troubles and other complications, and had taken so much medicine without relief that I began to think there was no hope for me. Life looked so good to me, but what is life without health? I wanted to be well.

MRS. LOUISE M. GIBSON.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me and made me well, and that is why I gladly write you this, and gladly thank you; six bottles was all I took, together with your Pills. My headache and backache and kidney trouble went, never to return; the burning sensation I had left altogether; my general health was so improved I felt as young and light and happy as at twenty."—MRS. LOUISE GIBSON, 4813 Langley Ave., Chicago, Ill.—*$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine.*

If you feel that there is anything at all unusual or puzzling about your case, or if you wish confidential advice of the most experienced, write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and you will be advised free of charge. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured and is curing thousands of cases of female trouble.

Good Things to Eat

From Libby's famous hygienic kitchens where purity prevails. All meats used in

LIBBY'S Natural Flavor Food Products

are U. S. Government Inspected. The wholesomeness and goodness of every article is preserved in its preparation for your convenience, in the handy key-opening cans. A supply on your pantry shelves enables you to have always at hand the essentials to the very best meals. The little book, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," tells all about them—sent free. Libby's Atlas of the World, mailed free for 5 cents postage.

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY, CHICAGO.

Cascarets
CANDY CATHARTIC
10c. 25c. 50c. [illegible] FOR THE BOWELS [illegible] All Druggists
Genuine stamped C C C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL FOR PAIN OF ANY KIND
ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C.
Successfully Prosecutes Claims.
Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in civil war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

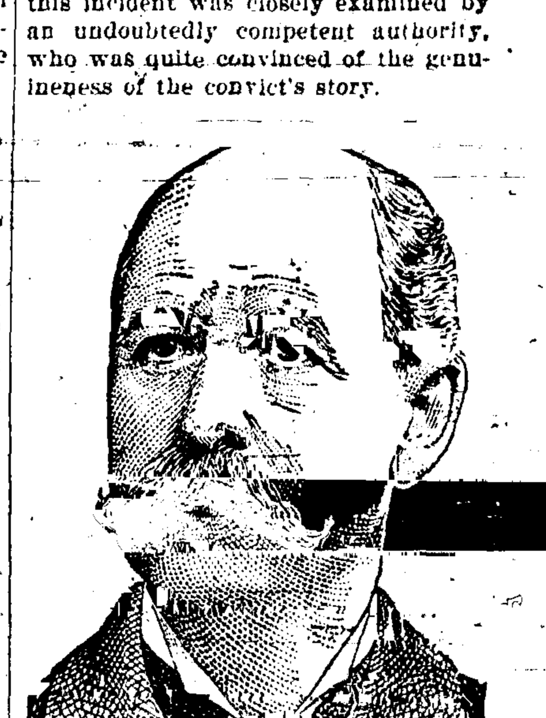
LADIES.—We want a good representative in each locality. Our help make from $10 to $[illegible] per week. Write at once for particulars. Free sample. [illegible] Madison St., Toledo, Ohio. HERMINGSEN & CO.

ADVERTISING IN THIS PAPER PAYS. N Y 28

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box B, Atlanta, Ga.

Rough on the Convict.

According to an old document just discovered in Australia, says the Golden Penny, gold was first found by a convict near Parramatta in 1789. The unfortunate fellow was at once charged with having stolen a watch and "boiled it down," and, being convicted by the rude court of those early days, was given 150 lashes for his pains. In later years the record of this incident was closely examined by an undoubtedly competent authority, who was quite convinced of the genuineness of the convict's story.



W. L. DOUGLAS $3 & $3.50 SHOES UNION MADE

W. L. Douglas shoes are the standard of the world. This is the reason W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's $3.00 and $3.50 shoes than any other two manufacturers.

W. L. DOUGLAS $4 SHOES CANNOT BE EXCELLED.

1899 sales, 1st 6 months, $1,103,820 1902 sales, 1st 6 months, $2,340,000

Best imported and American leathers, Heyl's Patent Calf, Enamel, Box Calf, Calf, Vici Kid, Corona Colt, Nat. Kangaroo. Fast Color Eyelets used.

Caution! The genuine have W. L. DOUGLAS name and price stamped on bottom. *Shoes by mail, 25c. extra. Illus. Catalog free.*

W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

$10,000 PER YEAR.

Agents Wanted—Largest real estate firm in the world is establishing agencies throughout the United States for the sale of its New York City properties on instalments of $6 to $10 per month, carrying a life insurance.

Besides an enormous local business the outside demand for an opportunity to share in the growth of the Imperial City of the World has been so great the past year and a half that we have sold nearly $2,000,000 worth of property from Alaska to South Africa. Our agents are making from $1,000 to $5,000 a year.

A business conducted as honestly and conservatively as ours is capable of as great development as the National Life Insurance Company with infinitely greater ease, with a compensation five times as great and the opportunity for energetic, honest, intelligent and responsible men to build up a permanent business for themselves and share in the subsequent growth which is sure to come to us. We want no representative who is not willing to work energetically, or who has not sufficient capital to visit New York to see our property and be taught the most effective method of doing business; to all who meet these requirements and can give references as to probity we will make most liberal terms, spending more money in instruction and equipment for the work than their New York trip has cost.

Address

WOOD, HARMON & CO.,
Dept. Y-1, 256 Broadway, New York City.

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At druggists.

The Five-Cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, 60 cents, contains a supply for a year.

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Foremost in establishing high-class service to the commercial centres and Winter resorts of the South. In the territory covered by its vast network of lines all modern improvements are adopted, and on no railroad in America will be found [illegible] operating its trains from New York to Washington over the Pennsylvania Railroad and thence via Southern Railway, etc.

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New Orleans, Texas,

Mexico and California. Orleans with Southern Pacific Special Sunset Limited. Leave New York Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday during the tourist season. Observation Car New York to Atlanta. Pullman tourist Sleeping Car Washington to San Francisco without change, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

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...t want him in the ... minent attache of ... rtment quietly ... Will

THE HARVEST.

I saw her at the time of the sowing of the grain!
... of rain.
And a little wind and sweet
Swayed the grasses at her feet
As I turned to look and turned to smile and turned to look again,
And I said, "How good a thing
Is the promise of the spring!"
At the time of the sowing of the grain.

Oh, I kissed her at the time of the growing of the grain!
Her laugh was like the melody that threads the lark's refrain;
Bud and blossom everywhere
Sent their perfumes through the air,
And the branches bent above her where the ripening grain was lain,
And I said, "Lo, love hath grown
Like the seed thy hand hath sown!"
At the time of the growing of the grain.

Oh, I won her at the time of the mowing of the grain!
We guided o'er the empty fields the heavy laden wain,
And my life was like to sing
With the joy of harvesting!
Oh, love's sowing nor his growing nor his mowing was in vain,
And I said: "Give thanks, my heart,
For the store that is thy part!"
At the time of the mowing of the grain.
—McCrea Pickering, in the Smart Set.

The Millionaire's Match Box.

HE had pressed upon me one of his high-priced cigars.

"Thanks," I said. "Match?"

"No. Come on. Hurry."

My friend the millionaire looked perturbed for a moment. Then his countenance cleared. "We shall be at Waterloo in twenty minutes," he said, "and then we can get a light at the refreshment room. They never mind your taking a match or two."

"No good," I said. "I want to smoke now. Hand over your box."

With great reluctance he handed me his gold matchbox, with his mongram on it in emeralds—a pretty, unostentatious little toy. He shut both the carriage windows, so that no draught should necessitate the use of more than one match.

I opened the box and examined the contents with care. He did not like the examination. He winced under it. He grew nervous.

"Come, come," he said, "light up and give me the box back."

"How long has this been going on?" I asked.

"What do you mean?"

"You know perfectly well what I mean. There are several different kinds of wax matches in this box."

"Well, there's nothing in that. Sometimes I buy one kind and sometimes another."

"But you don't buy six different kinds at once, and then put some of each in your box. I am sorry to say that you are a thief, a match thief. You are probably a liar also, for I doubt if you have ever bought matches—at any rate, in recent years. I repeat my question—has this been going on long?"

"They don't mind you taking one or two," he said, feebly.

"But how about five or six? There are five or six matches here of special quality, long in the shank, thicker than usual, made of good white wax. There will be only four directly, because I am going to light my cigar with one of them. Where did you get them?"

"Practically, I did buy them. I pay my club prescription every year and surely I have a right ..."

"You have no more right to take away the club matches than you have to pocket the club spoons, and you know it. What about this match? It has been carried loose in the pocket and is dirty. It has a pink head. It is evidently of a very cheap kind. I should say it saved the smoker thirty-three per cent. Where did you get it?"

"Look here," he said, irritably, "I won't submit to these questions. Give me my box back at once." He made a grab at it, but I eluded him.

"You have to submit to these questions and to answer them truly, unless you want to be shown up. Ever heard of the public prosecutor? Theft is theft, and it's serious. Once more, where did you get this wretched little match? It looks like some poor man's ewe lamb."

"If you want to know, I got it from a railway porter," he said, sulkily.

"He gave it to you on the understanding that you wished to use it at once. You deceived him and sneaked it—a poor man's solitary match. My word, but you've fallen low, very low."

"You don't know that it was his only match."

"It's probable, and you don't know that it wasn't. What about this one—the very short one, with the mud on it?"

"I came by it perfectly fairly. A small boy in the street dropped it. He looked for it some time, but he couldn't see where it had gone. I saw it. I waited about, pretending to look in a shop window until the boy had gone, and then I picked it up. These small boys ought not to smoke cigarettes. It's perfectly scandalous. It—"

"So you cheat children as well, do you? Do you know what the law is with regard to property found in the street? Have you no relics of a moral sense?"

In my enthusiasm I had allowed my cigar to go out. I relit it with the railway porter's match, without paying the least attention to the millionaire's protest.

"And now," I said, "what of these three blue headed matches?"

"They're all right. They're refreshment room matches. They don't mind you taking one or—"

"How do you know they don't mind? Do you ask them? Or do you sneak behind the bar stand and steal them when you think nobody is looking? And these two with the dark brown heads?"

"I had to see my solicitors about an ... of ... I was shown into the ... or partner's room. The ... a ... cigarette, a ... for ... But you know how ... are. He got up to refer to some ... book, and ... ... of his back on me. The matches were on his ... in a ribbed glass thing. Well, that was my chance. Any other man would have done the same thing."

"Any other demoralized blackguard might have done."

"I am not going to sit here and listen to this abuse. What business have you got with my private affairs? What does it matter to you how I get my matches? I gave you a cigar."

"I am not ungrateful, and for that reason I have decided not to give your name and address when I show you up. But none the less I am a believer in truth and honesty, even in small matters, and ..."

"O never mind that. Give me back my match box."

"Wait. When I see crime I have got to punish it. I am sparing you public disgrace and perhaps a long sojourn in a felon's cell, and that is sufficient reward for a cigar, which is certainly too good to be allowed constantly to go out like this."

I relit it with the match that the little boy had dropped. The millionaire nearly screamed with anguish, for it was the third match I had taken. He said that if I behaved in other matters as I did with regard to matches, I should soon be a ruined man. I continued:

"But though I spare you public disgrace the punishment must be severe. My own conscience would never be easy if I did not do my duty—if I did not give you a lesson which you would not be likely to forget. I am sorry for you, but it cannot be helped."

I let the window down with a bang, emptied the remaining matches out on to the line, shut the box and returned it to him with many thanks.

He said that I was mad, and made a dash for the alarm in order to stop the train. As I held him I pointed out to him that his view as to matches was not the general view, and if he stopped the train to recover the few which I had thrown out of the window, he would get himself into trouble.

He sank back on the cushions—silent, sulky and defeated. After a while he said he was sorry he had ever given me the cigar. I explained that I, on the contrary, was glad.

When he got out at Waterloo I led him to the automatic machine, gave him a penny and told him to make up his mind to buy matches for himself. With a look of diabolical cunning he slipped the penny into his pocket and dashed off to the refreshment room. When I last saw him he had intrenched himself behind the hot-water apparatus, and was waiting with sparkling eyes for a chance to steal a few more matches.

Once a match thief, always a match thief, and when a match thief is also a millionaire his case is peculiarly hopeless.—Barry Pain.

The Crew of a Cable-Ship.

So that we may properly appreciate the subject, let us imagine ourselves on board of a typical cable-ship engaged in actual work.

We find a first-class vessel in all respects, with uniformed officers and crew, strict discipline maintained and every other feature of expert navigation. In addition to all this, we can quickly note the unique attributes specially suited for her distinctive field of effort. To begin at the very mainspring of the whole, we find the cable coiled away in big iron tanks, situated in what would be the hold of a cargo ship. These tanks are from thirty to forty feet in diameter, and are connected with one another by "ways," or "troughs," through which transfers can readily be made when occasion requires. The numerous machines upon deck are necessary for the proper handling of the heavy cargo, and their power can be better appreciated later. The big, funnel-like objects lining the bulwarks in places are buoys, useful in marking locations. We soon discover that the ship has really three crews or departments, each with its separate chiefs and officers. Nevertheless, they must all work in harmony, one with another, or things will go wrong. There is the steamship crew—captain, engineers, mates, quartermasters, stokers, deck hands, cooks and stewards—but even these men must be experienced in the special difficulties of navigation and labor with which they have to contend. Then there is a certain corps who have to do with the actual cable laying, picking up, buoying, etc., although, quite naturally, they are aided by the rest as occasion demands. Last of all on our list (but certainly not in importance) are the electricians, charged with the testing and calculating, which must go on continuously while the ship is at work in order to prevent costly mistakes.—Percie W. Hart, in Lippincott's.

Submarine's Deep Plunge.

The submarine Silure has just been subjected to some interesting experiments. It was sunk to a depth of 135 feet with a view of testing the effect of the water pressure, which at this depth is sixty-three pounds to the square inch. The commander and the engineer were provided with instruments to measure the compression, which showed that the hull yielded to the extent of one millimeter (.03) of an inch). The crew experienced no more discomfort at this depth than at the average submersion. The lowest depth reached by a diver is said to be 204 feet, with a pressure of eighty-eight and a half pounds. The lowest depth attained in a caisson was 110½ feet, with a pressure of forty-one pounds, at the sinking of the piers for the St. Louis bridge over the Mississippi.—London Express.

Candy For Change.

"Some people wonder why we carry a stock of cheap candy, penny candy," said the man who keeps the railroad news-stand. "Well, you see it's this way. I have a lot of regular customers who want it. They take it out in change. For instance, one man has been buying two evening papers from me every afternoon for several years. If he has any pennies I never see them. He always throws down a nickel, picks up his two papers from the pile and then takes three pieces of candy ... he chews while waiting for his train. Other men saw him ... and followed suit, and now it's quite the regular thing."—Philadelphia Record.

FARM MATTERS.

Spraying to Kill Weeds.

The English papers report that there has been success in destroying charlock, or wild mustard (Sinapsis Arvense), by spraying with fifty gallons per acre of a three per cent. solution of sulphate of copper, and that this spray does no injury to the wheat among which the charlock is growing. This would be fifty pounds of pure sulphate per acre. A rather expensive weed killing we would suppose. The spraying is done when the weed is very young and tender, and is avoided when rain threatens. Sometimes a second spraying will be needed to clear the field. The growth of the wheat is said to be greatly helped, mainly by the destruction of the weeds.—The Practical Farmer.

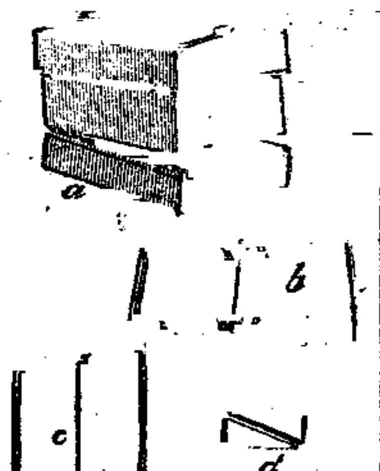
Sickly Chicks.

The sickly little chick that drags its way wearily behind its fellows, incessantly uttering the plaintive note which will instantly pierce the ear of the experienced poultryman out of the din of a hundred clamorous voices, had better be permitted to die. Possibly it can be saved, but at best it will only amount to the saving of a dwarfed and ill-shaped specimen. You cannot build up or preserve fine flocks with that kind of material. The time spent in doctoring a droopy, bedraggled chick would be better employed in putting in operation plans which will prevent them from becoming sick. Sickly chicks do not grow into fowls of the first class, they never do.

Kill the weakly, dumpish chicks and devote all your thoughts and energies to keeping the broods steadily growing "from start to finish." Your best birds are those which never had a moment's sickness during the growing period.—Poultry Messenger.

To Make Swarms Stay Hived.

Many swarms abscond after being hived for a few hours. This is because their new home is not comfortable, and it is probably too hot. A swarm of bees needs plenty of air. After a few days when there are eggs and brood in the new hive they will rarely desert it. When hiving a swarm we raise the front end of the hive with corner blocks, d, made of inch stuff two and one-half inches wide and five inches long, sawed diagonally from one corner to another. These blocks are also used for contracting the entrance when needed. We then slip the small end of the extension board, b, under the bottom board of the hive, and the two little pieces of iron hold it firmly in place. This makes a platform on which to dump the cluster of bees, when they will quickly run into the hive instead of running all over the ground. Next put the shade board, c, on top of the hive, and the bees are about as comfortable as they can be made, and are almost always sure to stay, and make it their new home. If the evening proves to be a little cool, remove the corner blocks after sundown, but leave the shade board on for a few days at least.—F. G. Herman, in New England Homestead.



HIVE AND FIXTURES FOR A SWARM.

Varieties of Garden Plants.

In the year book for 1901, issued by the Department of Agriculture, it is stated that there were catalogued in 1900 no less than 685 nominal varieties of cabbage, 530 of lettuce, 500 of bush beans, 340 of sweet corn, 320 each of cucumbers and table beets, 255 of pole beans, and almost as many others of other vegetables. Of course this includes many varieties which differ from others only by having the addition of a growers' name or some designation intended to be descriptive, as "improved," "early," "late," "large," or other addition which is intended to show a difference from the others under the old name. The department lately issued as a bulletin "A List of American Peppers," which enumerates 124 varieties. Among so many how may one learn to choose the best? Undoubtedly many of them differ in name only, and perhaps some growers use more care in selecting the seed stock or in keeping varieties pure than do others, and by the use of their name they may desire to gain a reputation, but the above list might well be divided by ten, and still show all the different types, and probably all really desirable varieties.

Horse Talk.

The use and value of farm horses are often seriously impaired by lack of proper stabling.

The eyes and lungs and general health are injured and disease of some kind is sure to follow.

A side light strains the eye unequally.

The light should come in the stable from the front and the wind ... should be lime washed to mellow the light.

A stable should never be dark.

The stable should be well ventilated, but so carefully that no draft can possibly touch a warm horse.

A draft on a horse warm from work or ... is sure to ...

... from ... as ... breath ...

A deep manger is ...

A wide manger for the grain is best so the grain can be scattered to prevent bolting.

The stalls should be five feet wide. A horse cannot rest in a narrower one and in a wider one he might roll and get fast.

Look out that the slight settling of the barn does not cause the stall floors to slope towards the mangers.—Tim, in Farm Journal.

Succession of Fruits.

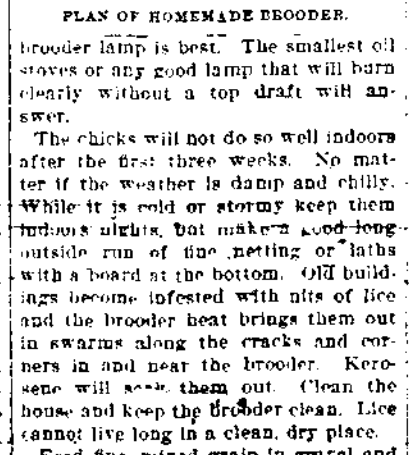
The timely succession of fruits for market is the surest way to make a good profit, and the question of selecting the right kinds of trees, vines and bushes is something that cannot be easily answered. The commercial varieties of fruits, are those which will prove prolific bearers, good shippers and handsome exhibitors. Also the question of their susceptibility to attacks from insects and blights must be considered, although we are gradually getting so there is less risk from this source. A good many farmers put all their faith in one particular variety of fruit, and cultivate large orchards with the same trees or vines. When a bad season comes everything is lost, and in good seasons the profits may be large enough to equalize the losses of the bad years. However, I believe that by a judicious selection of early, medium and late varieties, which can be marketed all through the season, there is more prospect of realizing good profits than by the former system. We have to-day a wide list of varieties of all our native fruits to select from, and we have made the season longer for peaches, plums, grapes, strawberries and pears by cultivating the early and late fruits. There are further possibilities in this direction, and in the future we may hope to find fruits that will extend the season of ripening weeks longer.

A succession of fruits always distributes the labor of harvesting and shipping over a longer period, so that part of the crop need not be lost through the inability of the owner to pick them in time. Where it is difficult to secure labor in the harvesting season this loss is even much greater. One should never undertake to raise more fruits than he is sure of being able to harvest and market in season, but to follow this rule would limit one's possibilities greatly unless the ripening season is extended by having a great variety of early and late fruits. The succession of any kinds of fruits must be obtained only through a careful study of the best varieties which produce early and late, and when one has his orchard or field planted with these he can confidently look forward to regularly good seasons.—S. W. Chambers, in American Cultivator.

Raising Chicks Without a Hen.

The beginner will be surprised to find how easy it is to make a brooder. Buy one of those little oil stoves at the store, and the whole job is done in a few hours. It is easy to operate, not nearly so much bother as so many hens. The chicks are by themselves in a roomy building. A sketch of the brooder is given herewith. The brooder platform occupies one side of the building. The brooder is about three feet square. The board top, which is supported by the wooden pins passing tightly through holes bored in the corners, is represented as transparent in order to show the four three-inch pieces of iron pipe beneath. These pipes pass just through the door of the platform to the under side, but project two inches above as shown.

Under the platform is a three-foot square of iron, heated by the lamp placed directly under it. Thus the heated air which comes through the pipes and warms the chicks is not from the lamp direct, but from the warmed sheet iron. As the chicks grow larger the pegs are driven further through the cover, making it higher. The warm air is kept in by the strips of cloth around the edge of the cover. While the chicks are young they should be kept from flying off the platform by a board barrier along the edge (not shown in the drawing). A regular



PLAN OF HOMEMADE BROODER.

brooder lamp is best. The smallest oil stoves or any good lamp that will burn clearly without a top draft will answer.

The chicks will not do so well indoors after the first three weeks. No matter if the weather is damp and chilly. While it is cold or stormy keep them indoors nights, but make a good long outside run of fine netting or laths with a board at the bottom. Old buildings become infested with nits of lice and the brooder heat brings them out in swarms along the cracks and corners in and near the brooder. Kerosene will seek them out. Clean the house and keep the brooder clean. Lice cannot live long in a clean, dry place.

Feed fine, mixed grain in gravel and let them scratch. Meat, green stuff and gravel are needed from the first. They will pick up fine grit and struggle over a lettuce leaf or a bit of meat almost as soon as they can stand. Meat is half their food in a state of nature, and to grow fast they must have it unless there is plenty of milk. The experiment stations find that chicks and ducklings grow as fast again when fed with plenty of animal food. The growth costs only half as much per pound as compared with all-grain diet. I picked up the following bill of fare for young chicks at the Rhode Island Poultry School two years ago, and still use it, with some changes in the direction of greater variety. Four feeds a day of fine cracked corn, cracked wheat, hulled oats in equal parts, also a little millet seed. Soft feed comprising corn meal, bran, ground oats, equal parts and one-sixteenth to one-twentieth part beef scrap fed in ... at noon. Green food at least once a day.—G. B. F., in American Agriculturist.

The total length of African railways finished and building is 14,500 miles.

GOOD ROADS.

Value to the Farmer.

At the recent meeting of the Indiana State Board of Trade, held at Indianapolis, a morning session was devoted to the subject of "Good Roads." The first speaker was C. W. Sherritt, of Muncie, who laid special stress upon the value of good roads to the farmer. He spoke of an old fogy farmer, in Kentucky, who resisted the building of a macadamized road through his farm, and said that if they forced the building of it he would sell out and leave the county. He had 280 acres of fair land, only a part under cultivation, mostly covered with a fine growth of poplar timber that, up to the time of building this road it was practically impossible to market. But the road was built, and, true to his threat, he did sell out, at $36 an acre. The purchaser of this property sold the timber for $300 more than the entire farm cost him. He afterward sold the farm at $52 an acre. The entire cost to that farm was a little more than $800. "So you see," said Mr Sherritt, "that farmer No. 1 was 'penny wise and pound foolish.'"

"Our farmers," he continued, "have the situation in their own hands. They can influence legislation that will give them ample road facilities for marketing their grain and all the products of their farms at all seasons of the year. Good roads not only give them this, but save their horses and protract their lives and their usefulness. They save in time. A load of wheat over a bad road may be excessive at a few hundred pounds, and require another day to haul to the market and take many pounds from his horses' flesh and many days from their lives, whereas a good road may mean several thousand pounds, one-half day's time and flesh and buoyant horses at night.

"Good roads add to the enjoyment of country life. The distant church bells on Sunday morning only cause the farmer upon a bad road to shake his head, and, with his family to remain at home. How different from the man upon the other road. A prancing pair of horses, a happy family. All points are nearer upon a good road, as all are distant upon a bad one. The time is rapidly approaching when the whirr of the horseless carriage will waken the echoes in every valley in our land. We are living in a wonderful age. Every day brings us in contact with new wonders. The tramp, tramp of the magic feet of progress awakens us in the morning, and its ringing clanging lulls us to sleep at night. All about us motion. Our roads must keep pace with the grand procession."

Good Roads Arithmetic.

Good roads enthusiasm appears to have run away with the arithmetic of Supervisor Conboy. If he is correctly quoted in Saturday's Commercial. The public has been given from time to time various glowing assurances of the reduction which could be made in constructing highways by using prisoners from the jail, and the penitentiary. Supervisor Conboy has got past the stage of predicting a mere economy. He has now figured it out that the convict labor plan is going to save the entire cost, so far as the county is concerned. This is the way the Commercial quotes him: "We have figured closely and carefully, and do not think any mistakes will be discovered. The State appropriates half the money for these road improvements. The county supplies the other half. Well, we think we can do the work so cheaply that the money the State will give us will be sufficient to meet all expenses without forcing the county to furnish any money to meet the half of the entire cost advanced by the State."

Isn't that clear as city water in May? The law provides that the State shall pay half the cost of building roads. The county, by using convicts, will do the work for half the cost. Ergo, the State will be paying it all, and the county will get its roads for nothing. A resolution authorizing the purchase of a stone crushing plant for $6000 already has been put in through the Board of Supervisors.

The law provides that the State Engineer "may in his discretion award the contract to the Board of Supervisors of the county or the town board or boards of the town or towns in which such highway lies, provided their respective bids do not exceed by ten per cent. the bid of such lowest responsible bidder, and except that no contract shall be awarded at a greater sum than the estimate." What the supervisors evidently have in mind to do is to make a bid approaching the State's estimate, say, $7000 a mile, and then do the work for half that figure. They think the State would pay half the contract price, which would be only half the real cost, so the county would have nothing to pay. Even if this rosy dream of cheapness should be realized it is a question whether, as the law reads, the State would not base its quota on the real cost, instead of the contract price.—Buffalo Express.

The People Aroused.

Bad roads throughout the greater portion of the year, in many sections of the United States, have aroused the people to definite action. Object lesson roads were built last year by the Federal Government in nine States. Some of the older States are also doing such work on their own account. New York has a good roads law that encourages the building of improved roadways by providing both State and county aid. This arrangement has become so popular that the applications are a long way in excess of the available funds. Other States have similar laws and the movement for respectable highways is apparently well established. We have not paid much attention to the proper care of a road after it is built. Water is permitted to collect in pools that soon puddle into mud. Each passing wheel throws out a few drops of muddy water and the depression deepens with each rain until the mud settles around the large foundation stones. This gives the frost a chance to lift them out of place and the road is injured in that spot beyond repair.

Sa... ... ... with oil fuel for ... have been made by the London City Council.

"THEY ARE IMITATION PEOPLE."

What an English Critic Thinks of the ...

The author or authoress of to-day does not seek to give his or her reader a friend or an enemy in his or her hero or heroine. As a rule, with a very few notable exceptions, we do not care a bit what happens to them, we only care to know how they are made. The authors of them being pick them to pieces before our eyes, and we watch to see how lifelike he has made them and how naturally they squeal. Their mental anatomy is copied minutely from many modern women, and their makers have pushed the study of mental anatomy further than it ever was pushed before. Their environment, too, often is extraordinarily natural, and well depicted. No god out of a machine interferes in the misfortunes of a modern heroine, and the old theory of poetic justice has been long thrown aside as lumber, together with other worn out properties of a passed away fiction. To ask at the present day how a story ends, whether happily or unhappily is to give one's self away for an old man, or one without feeling for literature. Novels are not intended to supply us with agreeable society—they are essays in art. Yet these dreary stories, whose dramatis personae agonize under a leaden sky, can seldom be dignified with the name of tragedy: they have nothing of "the consecration and the poet's dream." Their sordidness is too often wholly unrelieved by any touch of poetry.

What is the meaning of this change? Have all our hearts become hard, so that we cannot be moved by any tale of suffering or feel any desire to see the sunshine of success, so that our romance writers awake in us nothing but an intellectual sensation of critical enjoyment? Are we so weary and so blase that, having exhausted all pleasant sensations, we must turn to watch pain as something new? We do not believe for an instant that this is the true explanation of this curious phenomenon. We believe the fault, or rather the failure, lies at the door of the new writers of fiction. Their characters do not live. They are imitation people: the most wonderful, the most perfect imitations which have ever been produced—but they are not alive. They have never passed that mysterious barrier between consciousness and unconsciousness. Their very authors do not believe they live—if they did they would feel for them—and the readers do not believe they live either.—London Spectator.

Old American Bottles.

In early American glassware the history of our national art progress has been written. Choice and precious indeed are the crude blue-green and brown amber bottles made early in the nineteenth century—the portrait bottles bearing busts of Washington, Franklin, Lafayette, De Witt Clinton, Zachary Taylor, Kossuth and Jenny Lind. Local decorative subjects or many lines of idea were treated by the first American bottle-makers; and the most exquisite Venetian bottle cannot outrank in value, to a patriotic American collector, the primitive old flasks ornamented with Indians, Masonic emblems, the eagle, stars, flags, log cabins, cannon and steamships, or such outdoor themes as the seasons, birds, fruits, trees, sheaves of wheat, the fisherman, deer, the gunner and his hounds, and the first bicycle. The earliest American railway, with a car drawn by a horse, is historically celebrated on a glass flask, as well as the bold Pike's Peak pilgrim, with his staff and bundle.—The Century.

Pay of Grave Diggers.

"Few men are so poorly paid as us grave diggers," grumbled an old, gray-whiskered man, as he heaved his spade against a tombstone and lighted his pipe. "We get, you see, so much a grave, and in the best of times we have to work ten and eleven hours a day to get along, while in poor times we pretty nearly starve. Times are especially poor just now. It's been such fine, bracing weather for the last month that hardly anybody has died. My pardner and me have sat around three days at a stretch just hoping somebody would drop off, so that a grave would have to be dug. There ought to be a law passed to pay grave diggers a salary, instead of by the job. Then they wouldn't go around with murder in their hearts, the way they're doing now that nobody seems to die."—Philadelphia Record.

Queer Shaped Trout.

Albert W. Andrews, of Worcester, caught a trout this week which holds the record in the way of freaks. The trout was exactly six and one-half inches long, and had the unusual weight of three and one-half ounces. All old trout fishermen know that the customary weight for a six-inch trout is one ounce. That the trout should exceed this by over 300 per cent. made it an object of much interest. Deputy Warden Henry A. Mower sent the fish to the commissioners at Boston, where it is preserved. When Mr. Andrews landed the fish he was at a loss to know what it was, until the sight of the tell-tale speckles made its identity certain. In shape the trout was flat and broad, being put up on lines that brought the polly-wog to mind.—Worcester (Mass.) Gazette.

For Quilts.

In the last century geese were raised in Russia and Poland in vast flocks, almost entirely for the sake of their quills.

DON'T WAIT.

If you knew how SCOTT'S EMULSION would build you up, increase your weight, strengthen your weak throat and lungs and put you in condition for next winter, you would begin to take it now.

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Condensed Time Table, in effect June 15, 1902

GOING SOUTH.

	Week Days. A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	Sundays A. M.	P. M.
Lyons	....	8 05	1 50	6 30	8 05	4 00
Geneva	....	9 35	2 25	7 15	8 35	4 33
Dresden	....	9 03	2 54	7 35	9 03	5 00
Penn Yan ar	....	9 28	3 30	8 12	9 28	5 28
Penn Yan lv	....	8 12	3 10	7 07	8 12	4 27
Himrods	....	9 17	3 09	7 57	9 17	5 14
Dundee	....	9 26	3 18	8 07	9 26	5 24
Watkins	....	9 51	3 43	8 30	9 51	5 45
Corning ar	....	10 37	4 25	9 10	10 37	6 23
Corning lv	6 00	10 47	5 25	P. M.		6 32
Lawrenceville	6 27	11 16	5 54		....	7 03
Elkland	6 30	11 53	6 30	....	....	7 40
Knoxville	9 03	12 16	6 50	....	....	8 00
Westfield	9 40	12 30	7 05	....	....	8 15
Ulysses	11 00	1 10	7 50	....	....	9 00
Tioga	6 41	11 33	6 11	....	....	7 17
Stokesdale Jct.	7 15	12 10	6 50	....	....	7 55
Wellsboro ar	7 26	12 20	7 00	....	....	8 05
Wellsboro lv	6 55	11 45	6 35	....	....	7 35
Ansonia	7 30	12 29	7 09	....	....	8 15
Blackwells	8 03	1 00	7 40		....	8 53
Slate Run	8 23	1 21	8 02	A. M.	....	9 17
Jersey Shore	9 16	2 20	9 05	11 45	....	10 10
Williamsport	9 50	2 55	9 40	12 20	....	10 50
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.		P. M.
Reading P. & R.	2 55	8 56	5 00	6 50	....	5 00
Philadelphia	4 35	10 15	6 29	7 30	....	6 39
	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.

GOING NORTH.

	Week Days.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	Sundays A. M.	
Williamsport	....	7 20	2 40	5 47	7 20	....
Jersey Shore	....	7 50	3 11	6 23	7 50	....
Slate Run	....	8 40	3 59	7 18	8 40	....
Blackwells	....	8 59	4 17	7 40	8 59	....
Ansonia	....	9 30	4 45	8 15	9 30	....
Wellsboro ar	....	10 05	5 20	8 55	10 05	
Wellsboro lv	....	9 35	4 45	8 20	9 35	....
Stokesdale Jct.	....	9 55	5 10	8 45	9 55	....
Tioga	....	10 21	5 38	9 12	10 21	....
Ulysses	....	8 35	3 50	....	8 35	....
Westfield	....	9 18	4 33	....	9 18	....
Knoxville	....	9 34	4 50	....	9 34	....
Elkland	....	9 52	5 10	....	9 52	....
Lawrenceville	....	10 35	5 54	9 27	10 32	P. M.
Corning ar	A. M.	11 05	6 20	9 55	11 05	
Corning lv	7 25	11 10	6 25	p. m.	11 10	6 25
Watkins	8 03	11 48	7 07	....	11 48	7 07
Dundee	8 21	12 10	7 29	....	12 10	7 29
Himrods	8 33	12 18	7 37	....	12 18	7 37
Penn Yan ar	9 28	12 58	8 23	....	12 58	8 23
Penn Yan lv	8 12	11 57	7 07	....	11 57	7 07
Dresden	8 47	12 32	7 55	....	12 32	7 55
Geneva	9 20	12 57	8 22	....	12 57	8 22
Lyons	9 45	1 20	8 50	....	1 20	8 50
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	....	P. M.	P. M.
Auburn, N. Y. C	10 30	2 34	9 45	....	5 25	9 45
Syracuse	10 55	3 00	10 40	....	3 00	10 40
Albany	2 30	6 57	2 50	....	....	2 50
New York	6 00	9 59	7 00	....	....	7 00
Rochester	10 50	2 20	10 00	....	12 20	10 00
Buffalo	12 55	4 15	11 55	....	4 15	11 55
Niagara Falls	2 45	5 17	12 30	....	5 17	12 30
	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.		P. M.	A. M.

Connections at Lyons and Geneva with main line and Auburn road trains; at Williamsport with Philadelphia & Reading R. R.

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The Delightful Filipinos.

The natives are masters of the art of making traps for wild beasts, and they hunt United States soldiers after the same fashion. They dig in our path pits skillfully masked, so that our men fall into them and are impaled on poisoned stakes. And then at unexpected intervals a thread is stretched in the grass at their feet, and when that is snapped a bent sapling springs into position with several poisoned spears attached. You cannot enter a deserted cabin without running the risk of letting loose a spring of this sort with some poisoned spear-heads attached; usually the mere stepping on the sill or front doorstep is the signal.

One of these traps nearly finished me. Fortunately the spears passed me—one in front, one behind—half an inch of variation would have done the business.—Poultney Bigelow, in The Independent.

He Knew an American.

"Here, you little American girl, you pick up every piece of that paper!" was the command which a little visitor to Paris was surprised to receive from a policeman on the street. The child, who was with her mother, had torn a piece of paper into fragments and thrown them on the pavement. The embarrassed mother was obliged to stand by and see her little daughter, who had probably never before been asked to wait on herself, pick up every bit of the offending litter, while the officer watched the process as grimly as if guarding a housebreaker.—New York Tribune.

Refrigerated Flowers.

The florist has grown independent of seasons. You have only to name a date on which you want a certain blossom, and he will have it ready for you. The art of retarding flowers was always curious, and now it has widened out into very large dimensions.—Country Life.